THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Historical Society

Vol. LXVI No 3[illegible] POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, AUGUST 16th, 1927. $1.50 per year in advance

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27-tf

FOUND—Yale key with lead seal attached. Owner apply at this Office.

WANTED—Hear from owner good farm for sale. Cash price, particulars. D. F. BUSH, Minneapolis, Minn. 31c

FOR SALE—House and lot in South Napanee. Frame house, good garden, immediate possession. Apply HARRY SEYMOUR. 31

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres. Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—Several good farms, not far from Napanee ; sizes 50 acres, 100 acres, 150 acres and one farm nearly 300 acres, with full stock of purebred cattle, horses, hogs, etc., with all crop. Easy terms. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 37

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

FARM FOR SALE—Thirty-five acres more or less, east half of the east half of lot three in the second concession of South Fredericksburgh, additional, known as the J. E. Griffith farm New dwelling and barn. Apply at law offices of U. M. WILSON and T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ontario. 35-tf

REAL ESTATE.

Two 150-acre farms, fine buildings, on Hay Bay ; Three 50-acre farms, improved. These farms are well located and in good districts ; Good country store business proposition ; Several good residences in town.

T. H. WIGGONS,
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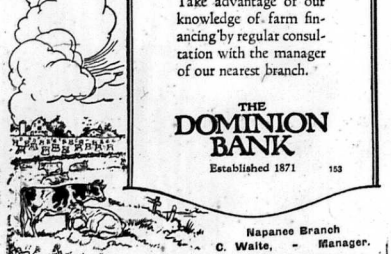
South of Paisley House.

Farmers

A good banking connection is necessary to your business.

Take advantage of our knowledge of farm financing by regular consultation with the manager of our nearest branch.



THE DOMINION BANK

Established 1871 153

Napanee Branch
C. Waite, - Manager.

WOMAN KILLED BY AUTO

MRS. SEWARD MEEKS MEETS SUDDEN DEATH.

On Friday evening, about 7.30, Mrs. S. Meeks, widow of the late Seward Meeks, was struck by an automobile driven by Mr. Russell Boyce, of Newburgh.

Mrs. Meeks was crossing the road near the corner of John and Dundas streets and stepped in front of the car driven by Mr. Boyce, so close that it was impossible to avoid an accident. Mrs. Meeks was taken into Wallace's Drug Store and Martin's ambulance called to take her to Kingston General Hospital, but the injured woman passed away before reaching the hospital and the remains were brought back to Napanee.

The funeral took place from her late residence, Mill street, on Sunday afternoon. The late Mrs. Meeks leaves one daughter, Mrs. Earl Lake, West Toronto.

BASEBALL

In the Lennox and Addington League play-off to determine the winner of the league, Odessa defeated Napanee in the first game by the score of 5-3 in one of the best played games in the County League. It was keenly contested and the issue was in doubt until the final out. This first victory for Odessa gives them an edge over Napanee and the second game should be played in Napanee Wednesday afternoon gives every promise of being a very hectic affair. Both teams are well matched and on Saturday's showing there will be a bumper crowd at the game.

Napanee suffered the most in errors and their misplays in the early part of the game made an uphill fight, and they nearly succeeded in pulling the game out of the fire.

Barnes and Kilgannon were the opposing pitchers Barnes being relieved in the sixth inning by Bentley, while Kilgannon was relieved by McConnell in the seventh.

For Wednesday's "crucial" game Manager Loucks will likely pitch Bentley, while Odessa will have O'Neill on the mound. O'Neill shut Napanee out on Wednesday last and Odessa are confident that he can again do the trick.

Fraser Smith, of Kingston, handled the game and his decisions met with the approval of both players and spectators.

FOR SALE.

A 100 acre farm, at a bargain ; an exceptionally good 200 acre farm ; a good 100 acre farm, stock, machinery, and crop, easy terms ; Mrs. Gerow's brick store Dundas St., and residence and land on Palace Road, just outside of town ; Harry Walsh farm, Morven, at a bargain for quick sale ; Maddock property, over 50 acres on Belleville Road, choice land, only 4 acres in town limits ; a good 160 acre farm, Switzerville Church on same lot and school across road ; D. N. Lucas farm, 100 acres, about 4 miles from town ; Fraser Allen farm, 150 acres, Newburgh ; James E. Hamilton farm, 115 acres, Yarker, Clayton Cranston farm, 200 acres, Switzerville ; W. Henderson farm, Palace Road. Several residences moderately priced, and two good business properties in town. 37

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Jane E. Ham, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, spinster, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 15th day of September, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.
38-d

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of Harry Ambrose VandeBogart, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Statutes of Ontario, in that behalf, that all persons having any claims against the estate of Harry Ambrose VandeBogart, late of Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to deliver or send to the Executor of the said estate, F. B. VandeBogart, Napanee, P.O., R. R. 6, on or before the 20th day of August, A.D., 1927, full particulars of their claims, duly verified.

And further take notice, that after the said 20th day of August, A.D., 1927, the Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claims he shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

W. G. WILSON,
Solicitor for said Estate.
Dated this 19th day of July, 1927.
34-d

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL COURSE AT THE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

When the Collegiate opens on September 6th, a special Commercial course will be instituted which should be of interest to many, both in the town and in the county. The course is planned to meet the need of (1) those who have been planning to take a business college course elsewhere, or (2) those who decided to proceed no further on a professional course, but to enter business or industrial life. To both these classes an intensive business course at Napanee without fees of any kind will be a decided financial advantage.

The entire course may be completed within the school year, and credit in stenography and typewriting will be given as soon as the student reaches the required speed and proficiency. Ample time will be given to practical work, and instruction and supervision will be given by the members of the staff who hold the departmental specialist certificates in the subjects they will teach. In addition to the business subjects, the students will have the advantages of the library, the social, literary and athletic activities, and will receive the regular course in physical training.

The members of the staff and the subjects taken by each are as follows :

L. S. Beattie, B.A., Commercial Specialist ; Bookkeeping, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Office Practice and Filing.

Mrs. C. A. Shoemaker, B.A., Dept. Cert. in Sten. and Type. ; Stenography, Typewriting and Transcription.

Miss M. White, B.A., Specialist in French and English ; French Commercial Correspondence.

Miss D. Roberts, B.A., Specialist in Mathematics ; Business Arithmetic.

Miss H. Grange, B.A., will have charge of the Library work, and Miss M. McLaughlin and Mr. J. L. Murray, B.A., B.Paed., will take the Physical Training.

The course will be open to (1) those who have taken at least Third Form work, or (2) those who have completed Second Form work with first class honors. For full particulars application should be made to the Principal, L. S. Beattie, by letter or personal interview before school commences. The Collegiate office will be open during the last two weeks of the holidays on Friday and Saturday as announced elsewhere in this issue.

The Principal will be in the Collegiate Institute to consult with pupils and parents regarding courses on the dates given below. All new pupils should register before school opens on September 6th.

Tuesday, Aug. 23rd, Thursday, Aug. 25th, Tuesday, Aug. 30th, Thursday, Sept. 1 from 3 to 4 p.m., and Saturday, Aug. 27, Saturday, Sept. 3rd from 9 to 12 and 1 to 4.

DESERONTO

Many complaints re stray animals have come into the local Humane Society here. If people value their pets they should look after them otherwise they will have to be done away with.

Mr. Donald Fairbanks, of Montreal, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Fairbairn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Stoddart and young son are visiting the latter's parents, at Myrtle Beach, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Irwin and family are guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Irwin.

Miss Rita Ready, of Toronto, spent the week-end in town with her parents.

Miss Berwick, of Ottawa, was the guest of Mrs. Brophy for the week-end.

Mrs. Ira Claus and son have gone to Hamilton for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Post, of Rochester, N.Y. are guests of Mrs. James Post.

Mrs. W. O. Ravin has returned home after visiting friends in western and northern Ontario.

The families of Messrs. Rowsom and Richardson are camping at Eagle Hill.

Rev. Mr. Irwin, of the Church of the Redeemer, is away on his holidays.

Mrs. Joseph Stainton is a patient in the General Hospital, at Kingston, where she underwent an operation.

Miss Beatrice Joyce, of Toronto, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Joyce.

Mrs. J. Henstridge, of Montreal, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Edward Smith.

Mrs. William Hatch, of Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robert Geddes.

Mr. Kenneth Detlor, of Montreal, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Detlor.

Mr. Harry Young, of Hamilton, is spending his vacation with his mother.

Mrs. Benn and daughter, of Kingston, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. McWain.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Frost and family, of Toronto, are the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Wagar.

Mrs. Murney Luffman and family, of Ottawa, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howard.

Rev. and Mrs. Morrow and family are guests of the latter's parents, Mrs. A. Young.

Binder Twine.

Plymouth Binder Twine and Horse Fork Rope or Horse Fork Chain at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

LEAFS DEFEAT KINGSTON SUPREMES

The Napanee Leafe, in an exhibition game against the Kingston Supremes here last Thursday, showed their best form of the year. Unfortunately on account of the holidays only eight players turned out at the start of the game, and had it been a play-off or league fixture they would have had to use it by default. The girls must learn to come to their games and practices.

Margaret Douglas pitched, and her work in the box verified all that has been reported in these columns about her. It took her one inning to locate the plate, but after she began to get them over she was practically invincible. She began by walking the first four batters to face her. Then Truesdale, the gigantic first baseman for Supremes hit an easy fly directly to centre a centre fielder would have been standing had there been nine players. Fast work by Dickson and McGuire in recovering the ball and returning it to the plate allowed only one run to score, and trapped another between third and the plate. O'Neill and Stinson combining nicely for the putout. In the second inning Supremes got one counter from two walks and a sacrifice, but did not score again until the last inning, when the umpire either hit the game drove in three runs, after three had been passed. Except for the easy fly in the first inning, that hit, made by the Supreme pitcher, Doris Allen, was the only safe hit made by the entire Kingston team. Miss Douglas is undoubtedly a wonderful pitching prospect, and once she gets contri she will be one of the best in the game. The batsmen are far from being weak batters, for they have made twelve hits in one game against Babe Vinent, who is generally conceded to be the best girl pitcher in Canada. Miss Douglas' chief difficulty is that she forgets that there are seven fielders behind her, and she tries to retire every batter on strikes. She has now learned that even if the batter does hit her fast breaking incurve they will seldom get it past the infield. Only three balls were put past the infield on Thursday.

Napanee played errorless ball. In no case did a fielder handle a batted ball imperfectly. If they can play as well in their playoff games they can beat any team they appear against which they play. They were quick to take advantage of their opponents lapses, and scored most of their runs as a result. Also through the brilliant pitching, the infield outfield and catching departments Supremes got a chance to get asked from a defensive point. On the attack the Leafs bunched their hits and ran the bases like the veterans they become in a game. The outstanding players for the Supremes were the pitcher, Doris Allen, and the midget shortstop, Walker. Our old friend, Mary Bates began on the mound for Supremes, but was relieved in the second, when it was seen that her catcher could not hold her fast ball. Mary actually struck out four batters in the first inning, but the third strike was dropped twice, and both runners were safe at first.

The game was well attended, and the locals treated the appreciative audience to another of those last inning rallies at which they are becoming so adept.

Supremes—Sinclair rf, Patterson 2b, Allen 1b, p, Bates p, cf, Lambert lf, Truesdale 1b, Pappas ss, Sinclair cf, Walker ss, Asselstine lf.

Leafs—Dickson rf, Embury 2b, Stinson c, McGuire lf, O'Neill 3b, Whitton ss, Douglas 1b, Douglas p, Blackadder cf.

Kingston..... 2 1 0 0 0 0 2—6

Napanee..... 2 0 1 0 2 1 1—7

Bates, Allen and Pappas ; Douglas and Stinson.

At a meeting of the Bay of Quinté League called to decide the winner last Friday, the president, who is also manager of the Beavers, ordered the first two teams to play off. As there are only four teams in the league this is ridiculous. He then claimed that a game defaulted by this team was to be replayed, as he as manager of the team had notified Napanee that he would not be able to come. He also asked that the score of a game played at Napanee, which Napanee won, be thrown out, as the umpire had not signed the score. According to Ontario Rules the umpire should initial the score, so the manager ordered this game to be replayed, and has appealed to Toronto for a ruling on the defaulted game. If the ruling is not given before Wednesday the Beavers will not appear here again.

The writer wishes to apologize to any members of the 1925 ball team whose feelings may have been hurt by a previous title. However, if Fair Play was read the article he will see that no wrong statement was made, for it was mentioned that Napanee had not won from the large cities of the neighborhood, and we imagine that the teams which composed the 1925 league represented no place as large as Napanee.

I was engaging a girl to come in and do some extra work. She was, I imagine, rather English.

"What do you charge a day ?" I asked her.

"Well, mum," was the reply, "I charges five dollars if I eats myself, and four-fifty if you eats me."

LENNOX FAIR, AUGUST 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th.

MIDDLE SCHOOL EXAMINATION RESULTS

The following are the results of the Departmental examinations for the Middle School. The proficiency in each subject is indicated as follows : 1. 75-100%. 2. 66-74%. 3. 60-65%. c. 50-59%. A candidate must make over 50% to pass in a subject. Certificates showing standing have been mailed to the candidates, and any candidate who does not receive his certificate should write to the principal (e. once). In cases of failure, if the paper is marked re-read, it is not open to an appeal. In any other case an appeal may be made to the Registrar, Department of Education, Toronto, accompanied by a fee of $2.00, which will be refunded if the appeal is allowed. The principal will be in the Collegiate office to consult with any pupil regarding his course on August 23rd, 25th, 30th, Sept. 1, from 2 to 4 p.m., and on Saturdays, Aug. 27th, Sept. 3rd, from 9 to 12 a.m., and 1 to 4 p.m.

D. Alkenbrack, Composition 2, Literature c, B. History c.
A. Asselstine, Physics 1.
R. Asselstine, Anc. History 2, Chemistry 3.
L. Baird, Composition c, Literature c, B. History c, Geometry 1, Chemistry c, French A. 3.
T. Barrett, Anc. History c, Geometry c, Chemistry c.
E. Benjamin, Anc. History 1, Algebra 1, Physics 1, Latin A., 2, Latin C., 3.
J. Black, Geometry 3, Chemistry c.
L. Black, Composition c, Literature 2, B. History 3, French A., 2, French C., 1.
W. Box, B. History c.
G. Boyes, Anc. Hist 1, Algebra 3, Physics 3, Latin A., c, Latin C., c.
L. Caton, Anc. History c, Algebra 2, Physics 1, Latin A., c.
B. Card, Composition c, Literature 3.
A. Cavanaugh, Algebra 2, Physics c.
S. Cousins, Composition 3, Piterature 3, B History c, Geometry c, French A., 2, French C., c.
J. Daly, Composition c, Chemistry c.
D. Daverin, Anc. History 1, Algebra 2.
K. Dickson, Anc. History 3, Algebra c, Physics c, Latin A., 2, Latin C., 3.
R. Dickson, Anc. History c, Algebra 2, Latin A., c, French C., c.
H. Drake, Literature 3, Br. History c, Geometry 2, Chemistry 3, French A.,c, French C., c.
D. Dupre, Composition c, Literature 3, Br. History 3, Geometry 3, Chemistry c, French A., 2, French C., c.
W. Exley, Cmposition c, Literature 2, Br. History c, French A., c,
G. Gault, Literature c, Geometry c, Chemistry c.
E. Gibbard, Anc. History 2, Algebra 2, Physics 2, Latin A., 2, Latin C., c.
M. Gibbard, Literature c, Br. History c, Geometry 3, Chemistry c, French A., c.
P. Gilbride, Br. History c, Chemistry 2, French A., c.
K. Gleeson, Anc. History 3, Algebra c, Physics 2, Latin A., 2, Latin C., 3.
C. Graham, Physics 2.
G. Grange, Br. History c, Geomatry c.
H. Grange, Anc. History c, Algebra c, Physics c, Latin A., 2, Latin C., c.
T. Ham, Anc. History 3, Algebra 3, Physics 3, Latin A., 1, Latin C., 3.
I. Hart, Literature c, Br. History c, Chemistry c.
D. Hawley, Anc. History 3, Algebra 1, Physics c.
M. Hawley, Br. History 2, Geometry 3, French A., c, French C., c.
K. Henderson, Literature c, Br. History c, Geometry 1, Chemistry 3, French A., 3, French C., c.
B. Herrington, Literature c, Br. History 2.
A. Hut, Algebra c, Geometry c.
P. Hogle, Anc. History 3, Algebra 1, Physics 2.
E. Hudgins, Literature 3, Br. History c.
M. Jordan, Geometry 3, Physics 1, Chemistry 1.
G. Joyce, Composition 3, Literature 2, Br. History 1, Geometry 1, Chemistry 3, French A., 2, French C., c.
H. Lancaster, Composition 2, Literature 3, Br. History 2, Geometry 2, Chemistry 2, French A., 3, French C., 3.
J. Lancaster., Composition 2, Literature 3, Br. History 2, Geometry 1, Chemistry c, French A., c, French C., c.
E. MacMorine, Composition 3, Literature 2, Br. History 2, Geometry 2, Chemistry c, French A., 2, French C., 3.
H. Martin, Literature c, Br. History c, Anc. History c, Algebra c, Chemistry c.
H. McAvoy, Literature c.
H. McCracken, Anc. History c, Physics c, Chemistry c, Latin A., c.
M. McMillan, Composition c, Br. History c, Geometry 3.
M. Mellow, Anc. History 2, Algebra 1, Physics 1, Latin A. 1, Latin C., 1.
L. Merritt, Br. History 3, Anc. History c, Algebra c, Latin A., c, French A., c, French C., c.
I. Miller, Literature c.
H. Millidg, Br. History c, Geometry c, Chemistry c.
J. Millidg, Composition c, Literature c, Br. History c, Geometry c.
E. Mills, Anc. History c, Algebra 1, Physics 2, Latin A., 2, Latin C., c.
W. Powell, Composition 2, Br. History c, Geometry c, French A., c, French C., c.
C. Reid, Anc. History 3.
M. Rikley, Anc. History c.
K. Robinson, Br. History 3, French A., c, French C., c.
N. Rowse, Latin A., c.
H. Sewell, Anc. History c, Algebra 2, Physics 3, Latin A., c, Latin C., c.
M. Sills, Composition c, Literature c, Br. History c, Chemistry c.
M. Snyder, Algebra 1, Geometry 1, Physics 2.
L. Stinson, French C., 3.
R. Thompson, Anc. History c, Algebra 1, Physics c, Latin A.,c.
M. Wagar, Br. History c, Physics c, Chemistry 2.
C. Walters, Literature c.
E. Way, Br. History 3, Geometry c.
D. Wood, Geometry c, Chemistry c, French A., c, French C., c.
R. Woodruff, Algebra c.
B. Wright, Anc. History.
M. Young, Literature c, Br. History 3, French A., c.

NEWBURGH HIGH SCHOOL

The results of the Middle Schol examinations have been announced. Honors are indicated as first, second and third class. No credit is shown by the letter "C."

Bernard Allore, English Composition c.

Stanley Allore, Anc. History, c.

Ted Breeze, Anc. History c, Geometry 2, Chemistry c, French Authors c, French Comp., c.

Melborne Brooks, Eng. Composition c, Geometry c.

Gerald Cline, Geometry c.

Anthony Keegan, British History 2, Algebra c.

Milton Dunn, Eng. Composition c, Brit. History 2.

Ida Fluke, Geometry 3, Chemistry c, Lat. Composition 3, French Composition c.

Robin Fowler, Anc. History 1, Geometry 2, Chemistry 3, Latin Authors 2, Latin Composition 2, French Authors 3, French Composition 2.

Monna Graham, Anc. History 2, Geometry 3, Chemistry c, French Authors c, French Composition c.

Estella Hinch, Br. History 3.

Percy Hinch, Anc. History c, Geometry c.

Charles Holden, Eng. Composition c, Eng. Literature c, Br. History 1, Anc. History 1, Algebra c, Geometry 3, Physics c, Chemistry c, Fr. Composition c.

James Ingoldsby, Anc. History 3.

Mona Kellar, Anc. History 3, Geometry 3.

Clarence Macdonald, Anc. History c, Algebra 3, Geometry 2.

Patrick Manion, Anc. History 2, Geometry 2.

Harvey McNeely, Eng. Literature c, Br. History 2, Algebra c, Physics c.

Mary Miller, Eng. Composition c, Eng. Literature c, Br. History c, Algebra 1.

Grace Moore, Eng Literature c, Geometry 3.

Helen Paul, Eng. Composition 3, Eng. Literature c, Br. History 3, Algebra 1, Physics c, French Authors c.

Robert Ramsay, Anc. History,c, Fr. Authors c, Fr. Composition c.

Myrtle Robers, Br. History 3.

Helen Scott, Br. History c.

Maude Wagar, Anc. History c, Geometry 2.

Kathleen Weese, Algebra 2.

Edith Williams, Br. History c.

James Yeomans, Eng. Composition c, Eng. Literature c, Anc. History 1, Geometry 1, Latin Authors c.

George Purcell, Br. History c.

COMING :-: EVENTS

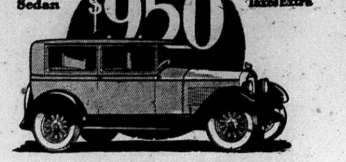
THE NEXT DANCE OF THE Golf Club will be held at the Club House on Thursday evening, August 18th, at 8.30 p.m.

PAVEMENT DANCE—Another of these popular dances, under the auspices of the Napanee Band, will be held on Friday evening, Aug. 19th. Three lucky prizes. Tickets 25c.

The New and Finer Pontiac Six at

Reduced Price

Two Door Sedan $950 at Factory Taxes Extra



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NO other six in the world provides, at Pontiac price, the style, luxury and safety of fine Fisher-built bodies—the smooth, satisfying performance of a powerful six-cylinder engine developed by General Motors engineers and proved on the General Motors Proving Grounds—and a remarkable combination of quality features including new plush trimming and luxurious interior appointments.

In no other six at Pontiac price can you obtain the smartness and beauty . . . the rugged construction . . . the power and smoothness . . . the long-life economy and high resale value of Pontiac Six.

And now, you can obtain ALL of these, in the New and Finer Pontiac Six, at NEW, LOWER PRICES—the Lowest Prices in history. P-2256

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Belleville, Ont.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

GOD'S PROMISE TO DAVID

Sunday, Aug. 21.—Chron. 17.

Golden Text—Thy throne, O God, is for-ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom. (Heb. 1: 8.)

Is it a worthy impulse to desire to honor God? If we have received much from Him, is it right to wish to give much to Him? If He has given us a beautiful house, is it proper that we should wish to give Him a beautiful house? And if we find that others have a desire to honor God in this way, is it right to encourage them to carry out their wishes?

The answers to these questions seem obvious enough, yet we may be mistaken in answering them. David was mistaken, and a faithful prophet of God was mistaken as they attempted to decide these matters in the light of their own entirely worldly impulses. A worthy impulse is a good thing, but it may lead us into serious error. It needs to be checked up by submitting it to God Himself. David had built a Royal palace for himself. Hiram, King of Tyre, had aided by sending cedar timber, with masons and carpenters (I. Chron. 14: 1). The Kingdom of Israel was established and growing steadily greater and more powerful. "David went on, and grew great, and the Lord God of Hosts was with him.... And David perceived that the Lord.... had exalted his Kingdom for His people Israel's sake." (II Sam. 5: 10-12.) The palace of David must have been very magnificent and properly so.

Now David says to Nathan the prophet: "Lo, I dwell in a house of cedars, but the ark of the covenant of the Lord remaineth under curtains." His meaning was evident; he believed he should build a temple worthy to shelter the ark and honor God. He spoke impulsively; but we are not told that he had prayed about it.

Nathan answered impulsively: "Do all that is in thine heart," said the prophet to the King; "for God is with thee." And we are told that the prophet had prayed about it.

Though they did not speak to God about this matter, God did speak to them. When we are about to go ahead with some worthy impulse without consulting God, but often lovingly hinting to us our mistakes plans, We read that the same night of the day when David and Nathan had talked together, God said to Nathan: "Go and tell David, My servant..... Thou shalt not build Me a house to dwell in." And He tells David why, and teaches him the important lesson of waiting God's dealing. It was not a new principle for the King, for he had waited long and patiently for his promised Kingdom; but it is easy to forget even the lessons we have learned well.

God reminds David that he has never yet spoken to any of the leaders of Israel, since He first brought this people into their land, about building Him a house, but He has "gone from tent to tent, and from one tabernacle to another." When we remember the explicit instructions God gave for the tent of meeting and this tabernacle, we see that the building of a house or temple of worship should have been a matter for His leading, as He now made it.

The rebuke to David is a very gentle one; and then God tells him at great length not what David is to do for God, but what God has done and will yet do for David. It is a marvellous lesson in grace, not law. It is an Old Testament foreshadowing of New Testament blessings; a type, in God's dealings with Israel, of His dealings with the Church.

Note that David was taken from the lowliest place, "from the sheepcote," and lifted to the highest place as a King, even as the Christian is lifted from sin and death to the very throne of God in holiness and resurrection life.

David is assured, moreover, that what was mistakenly in his own heart to do for God will be done by his son, who shall succeed him to the Throne. Solomon was to build a house for God; and he did so, as we shall see in a lesson of next month.

The lesson passage in verses 7-14 is one of the seven great covenants of the Bible. These are explained in the Scofield Reference Bible on II Samuel, 7: 8-17, and run from the Edenic Covenant of Genesis 1: 28 to the New Covenant set forth in Hebrews 8:8. The intervening Covenants are the Adamic (Gen. 3: 15), Noahic (Gen. 9: 1), Abrahamic (Gen. 15: 8, Mosaic (Exod. 19: 5) and Palestinian (Deut. 30: 3).

The Davidic Covenant is described as follows: "This covenant, upon which the glorious Kingdom of Christ 'of the seed of David' according to the flesh' is to be founded, secures:

"1. A Davidic 'house,' i.e., posterity, family.

"2. A 'throne,' i.e., royal authority.

"3. A 'kingdom,' i.e., sphere of rule.

"4. In 'perpetuity,' i.e., 'forever.'

"5. And this fourfold covenant has but one condition: Disobedience in the Davidic family is to be visited with chastisement, but not to the abrogation of the covenant. The chastisement felt first in the division of the kingdom under Rehoboam, and finally in the captivities. Since that time but one King of the Davidic family has been crowned at Jerusalem and He was crowned with thorns. But the Davidic covenant is immutable, and the Lord God will yet give to that thorn-crowned One, 'the throne of His father David.'" (Luke 1:31-33; Acts 2:29-32; 15:14-17).

Cannibal Butterflies.

Butterflies that eat plant lice and mealy bugs during the larval stage, instead of the usual vegetarian diet, have been discovered in the Orient and New England. Known as hairstreaks, they even prey their cannibal habits to the point of devouring their own species during the helpless state of transition from larva into the pupa.

Another strange phenomenon of Nature is an electric caterpillar, found in Nevada, which feeds on mistletoe flowers. A timid sensation, distinctly resembling an electric shock, was felt by a collector while handling them, although the insects had no bristles or other protrusions that would cause irritation.

The Yew Tree.

Yew is one of the most characteristic evergreen trees in Great Britain. It attains a great age and yields an exceedingly hard timber. Yew was the favorite wood for the old English long-bow, and its extreme hardness renders it suitable for cabinet work, axle-trees, and the like where strength and durability are required.

Fourteen Thousand Feet High.

There are sixty-one mountains in the United States more than 14,000 feet high, forty-seven of which are in Colorado.

The Chinese Language.

Some of the words in the chinese language have as many as ten meanings.

Here and There

The west will require 25,000 men from Eastern Canada to assist in gathering the grain crop this year. In all about 37,000 men will be required to complete the work. Arrangements have been made by both railroads to handle the harvesters.

T. O. F. Herzer, manager of the Canada Colonization Association, states that this organization has placed 400 Old Country families in the Prairie Provinces this year and that 800 other families will arrive before the end of the year.

The fourth annual ride of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, an organization with a membership including many prominent artists, writers and society leaders in all parts of Canada, U.S. and Europe, left recently from Banff over a new trail for Mount Assiniboine.

A shipment of 1,400 horses purchased in the Prairie Provinces for the Russian Government moved to Quebec over Canadian Pacific lines recently. In addition to the 37 carloads which moved to the east a special train of 17 cars passed through this city en route to the Atlantic coast. The horses in the latter shipment were all purchased at Alberta points.

Members of the newly-appointed Saint John Board of Harbor Commissioners visited in Montreal recently to confer with officials of the Canadian Pacific regarding needed changes and improvements in the harbor facilities of Saint John. Several suggestions advanced by the railway company will be acted upon before the winter traffic begins, according to the Hon. W. E. Foster, president of the Commission.

Interest taken by American Railway officials in the latest achievements in the way of Canadian locomotive construction is emphasized by the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has been invited to send their latest and most powerful passenger engine to be placed on exhibit at the Centenary Exhibition and Pageant being held by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Baltimore, September 24 to October 8. The C.P.R. "2300" engine, their latest and finest passenger type, will be sent to Baltimore.

The first ticket issued from the new Union Station at Toronto over Canadian Pacific lines was enclosed in a special leather folder, upon which appeared the name of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. The three tickets following were issued to H.R.H. Prince George, Premier Stanley Baldwin and to Mrs. Baldwin. The new union station was formally opened by the Prince of Wales, the Royal train being the first to steam into the new depot.

A cable received at Ottawa by the Department of Trade and Commerce from Harrison Watson, Trade Commissioner for Canada in London, indicates that Great Britain will offer an attractive market for the Dominion's exportable surplus of timothy and clover during the present year. The cable reads as follows: "English hay crop turning out so badly that imported hay will be required. Prospects are that there will be a fair demand for Canadian timothy and clover mixture.

BOY-EMPEROR AN EXILE.

Hsuan-Tung Is Living Virtually as a Refugee.

The Chinese boy-emperor, Hsuan-Tung, is now 19 years of age, and is living virtually as a refugee under Japanese protection in Tientsin. Probably he owes his life to Mr. R. F. Johnston, his tutor and friend, who, about two years ago, when the so-called Christian General Feng seized Pekin, arranged the emperor's escape by motor car to the legation quarter. Demands were made at the time for the execution of the emperor.

Hsuan-Tung was married more than three years ago to a charming Manchu princess, and she is with him at Tientsin. On February last he celebrated his birthday in the Japanese concession. To a few foreigners who were invited, he declared that a possible way out of the difficulties was a return to the monarchy. Personally, he said, he did not destre to resume the throne, and he also did not believe that the Chinese people wished for any form of monarchy.

The emperor is, of course, the last "Son of Heaven," as the Manchu rulers were called. He was deposed by the Republicans when he was quite a boy. They allowed him to reside in the "Forbidden City" of Pekin with his tutor, Mr. Johnston, the only foreigner who has been permitted to live within the imperial precincts.

Didn't Send the Money.

The death of John Drew recalls one of the best stories told about that distinguished actor. In 1906 when his brother-in-law, the famous Maurice Barrymore, father of Ethel, Lionel and John, was caught in San Francisco during the earthquake, Maurice was a great matinee idol and a lover of comfort. During the fire, the Government commandeered every male to help stop the havoc. Among those who were pressed into action was Maurice. Mr. Barrymore was by no mean fond of physical labor, but being caught in one of his impecunious moments, he could not leave town. He wired his brother-in-law for some cash to get away.

Drew, who thought it a great joke, wired back: "It took an earthquake to get you out of bed and the army to put you to work. Stay there."

Pas-de-Calais.

Pas-de-Calais is the French name for the Strait of Dover between England and France, connecting the English Channel with the North Sea. The part of France bordering on the strait is the Department Pas-de-Calais.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. 44tf

Who is away from home?

If Keep the family united. If some are away from home, the easiest and quickest way is of course by a Long Distance call. The young people nowadays put up a very brave front of wishing to appear independent and self-reliant, but their hearts still thump faster when they hear Dad's or Mother's voice over the wire.

If Even when they go into business, perhaps in distant cities, their nature does not change with their habitation. The tie still holds. The dear familiar voices are just as potent.

If Have a regular time to call up the absent ones by Long Distance. The service was never so fine. The cost of Interurban Service to nearby towns—within a radius of say 25 miles—is very low.

44tf

BE UNCLE SAM'S GUEST THIS SUMMER

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

The automobile travel to the parks during the last few years has shown a steady and large growth.

A million is a lot of people. But the national parks are numerous, extensive and attractive. The prediction that one million motor tourists will this year go by automobile to visit our national playgrounds is not based only on hope or optimism, but upon facts.

Of course, you don't know how to go, where to go, what to take, how to do it.

But the National Parks' people in Washington know, and they have a pleasant way of making it easy for you. Write them your hopes and they will tell you what to do.

They will, for instance send you booklets about the parks. These booklets contain all known information about the parks except the best kind of carburetor and how to run on the rim without destroying the inner tube. F'instance, you want to go touring to Yellowstone. You will draw one hundred and ten pages, including a wonderful lot of pictures. In the book you will find a general description of what is to be seen in the park, of routes. But that you could get from a guide book or an encyclopedia. So you turn over a page and learn that the National Park Service has established an official bureau, of information in a building near the superintendent's office in the park for the use of tourists, free of all charges. Rules and regulations, containing general information, of all national parks, and automobile maps of the Yellowstone National Park, are on hand for free distribution.

If you are interested in camping your expenses then, will be so much for gas and oil, so much for food, so much for equipment; and a very small fee ($7.50 is the maximum) for a season ticket for your car in a park and you have totaled your expenses. Some families camp all summer long, at an expenses far less than they could live at home, and have a healthy, happy, enjoyable vacation at small cost. Others, less accustomed to depending upon themselves, tour from hotel to hotel and even that does not cost so much, albeit much more than frying one's own beans and bacon and living in a suit of khaki.

Your Heart Tides.

The only time most people think anything about the ebb and flow of tides is when they are at the coast. Few people know they have their own daily tides in the blood stream pumped from the heart.

That this is so has been shown by Dr. F. B. Sisaw, who declares that the high tide of the white corpuscles of the blood usually comes just after midnight and again in the afternoon. These tides, he says, may be related to the hours of eating and sleeping or to the changing positions of sun and hearts.

Another doctor has discovered that anger makes the blood sweeter. After making several people angry, he drew off samples of blood, and in all cases found more sugar in the blood after the fit of emotion than before.

The Reason.

The inspector was paying his monthly visit to the village school. He examined the children in reading and general knowledge, as was his custom, and was very pleased with the answers he received.

After the last question, had been asked and answered satisfactorily, he rose to his feet and remarked genially: "I wish I were a little boy at school again."

He allowed a few moments for this to sink in, and then added "Do you know why I wish that?"

For a moment or two there was silence, then a small boy at the back of the room was heard to say:

"'Cos you've forgotten all you ever knowed."

WHERE MYSTERIES ARE SOLVED

Scotland Yard "Cabinet" Meets at Eleven o'Clock Each Day.

Eleven o'clock is probably the most fatal hour of the day for London's criminals. It is the hour when Scotland Yard usually calls its "cabinet" together, when the police chiefs meet to talk over the worst items in London's nightly crime bill.

Much of Scotland Yard's history of successful crime-detection has been made in the hour before noon, when the greatest brains which London employs to defeat the Moriartys of the underworld are brought together in the historic conference room at the end of the Embankment while Big Ben's hands were slipping from eleven to twelve o'clock—the most crowded sixty minutes in Scotland Yard's twenty-four-hour day.

The table in the conference room is often strewn with plans, flashlight photographs, Home Office experts' reports, and the tell-tale clues—articles of clothing, weapons, or finger-print impressions—which often play a leading part in setting Scotland Yard on the right track.

A great deal of preliminary routine work has been gone through before the "Cabinet" meets. All the telegrams and telephone messages which have come in through the night have been dealt with, all the sealed sacks of letters and parcels which have come by mail and courier have been sifted by the official sorters and despatched to the proper departments. Only the more important matters are referred to the chiefs.

Once a week the divisional detective inspectors from London's twenty-three police stations come to Scotland Yard. They lay before their superiors the week's toll of crime, and give an account of the working of the C.I.D. machine in their divisions. At the end of each month Scotland Yard audits the accounts of "crimes committed" and "crimes accounted for," and a copy of London's strangest balance-sheet is laid on the table of the man who controls the working of the world's greatest police machine.

MUSEUM OF QUAKER HISTORY

"Society of Friends" Are Steadily Increasing.

A member of the Society of Friends does not mind being called a Quaker. The term once used contemptuously makes him overall with pride the times when the little bands of earnest men and women, disciples of George Fox, the founder, were hated, persecuted, imprisoned, and tortured for their religious opinions, but remained steadfast.

Now "Friends" are honored for their high personal characters, traditional probity in business, and philanthropy. Quakers have always led the way in social reform and humanitarian work. The first petition for the abolition of slavery came from them; it was a Quaker, William Tuke, who brought about the establishment of the insane; John Bright, Lord Lister, Elizabeth Fry—to mention but a few from a long and distinguished list—were Quakers.

Why "Quakers" and "Friends"? It was in 1650 that a judge flung the term at Fox because the latter bade him "tremble at the word of the Lord." Some, however, think that the name was adopted because of the trembling and spiritual stress manifested sometimes in the religious meetings. The earliest name of the Society was "Children of the Lord," then "Friends of Truth," and then simply, as to-day, "Friends." A fine and noble name.

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The society has recently held its 260th yearly meeting in its new and splendid home in the Euston road, London, and, writes our correspondent, it has been my privilege to see some of the treasures housed there. In a case in the wonderful library is a "Treaty of Alliance and Friendship" made between the Quaker colonists of Pennsylvania and the Indians. The chiefs signed it by making crude drawings of totems — turtles, and so on—opposite their names. Nearby is a deed recording the purchase of land from the Indians.

On eleven huge skins of vellum is the original "Charter of Pardon and Release" granted by Charles II. in 1672. It freed 401 "Quakers" from prison. In a big volume—one of many—are recorded "The Sufferings of the People of God called 'Quakers.'" There is an almost perfect copy of Cranmer's "Great Bible" of 1541; and of great interest—one could almost picture the demure Quaker maiden, with her "thee" and "thou," who wore them—are a Quaker costume and bonnet. There is the original manuscript of George Fox's "Journal," his "Travel Diary," and a fascinating "Household Account Book" of 1670.

Deep under the building is a wonderful treasure house of steel and iron. When the massive outer door—of steel, weighing half a ton, and six inches thick—is passed, four strong rooms reveal themselves, each with its gate of tubular steel. In these rooms are stored the valuable records, manuscripts, trust deeds, and so on, of the society. The rest of the "sufferings," with their terrible tale of years of persecution, are also kept there.

Although the Friends are still conscientiously opposed to war and combatant service, they have done an immense work in alleviating its horrors and sufferings. At home they pioneered welfare work, the betterment of factory conditions, garden cities, and the like. Abroad, they have missions devoted mainly to medical and educational work.

Time has worked its changes, but the soberness of garb, simplicity of speech, and intense religious conviction still remain. The "Friends" are increasing, and none would wish otherwise.

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
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New and Lower Prices

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Roadster	645	Imperial	
Sport Roadster	720	Landau Sedan	955
Coupe	765	1-Ton	
Cabriolet	875	Truck Chassis	635
Coach	750	Roadster Delivery	645
Sedan	850	Commercial Chassis	485

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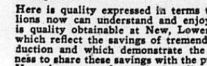

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SPIRIT OF THE "MOUNTIES."

Major Pane, Though Wounded, Saw That His Men Were Safe.

Lieut-Gen. Sir Archibald Macdonell, who took over the command of the Canadian division from Gen. Currie during the Great War, told the following interesting story recently to illustrate the spirit of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, of which he was a member for twenty years. During a tremendous barrage from the Germans on the Canadian front line trenches, Major Pane, formerly of the R.N.W.M.P., was very dangerously wounded. The men were carrying him out on a stretcher when he regained his senses. "Hold up," he said, "what is happening?"

"You have been dangerously wounded and we are carrying you to the rear," the bearers told him.

Major Pane was bleeding to death but he commanded, "Wait a moment or two. Give me a chance to think." Then he asked, "Were many of the men hurt?" "Yes," they answered, "quite a few."

"How many," he asked, and on being told that there were twenty-eight of his men wounded, he commanded them to carry him to the communicating trench and put down the stretcher there. "Now," he said, "I will wait here until I can count twenty-eight stretchers carried by. The Mounted Police never go out until their men are safe."

TURKS' NEW AMBITION.

Angora Being Made Over—Automatic Telephones and Cabarets.

The new Turkish capital is springing up with lightning rapidity.

A water system for 120,000 inhabitants has been put in, gangs working on it day and night. Since March five furlongs have been pierced of the 4½ miles "Grand Boulevard Ghazi" running out past the new town towards Tchankaya, where the residences of the president and ministers, legations, and embassies are. It is a fine double highway forty yards wide with trees planted down the centre, and even on Fridays, the day of rest, work is pushed on along it.

A quarter of a million trees have been planted to provide the new districts with much-needed shade from the fierce summer sun and the recurrent dust-storms.

Nearly 1,000 residential villas, each with its square of ground, have been built, partly by the prefecture and partly by private persons. Huge buildings to house the Agricultural Bank, the Ottoman Bank, the ministries of justice and health and the customs direction are almost ready to be handed over.

Cheap and continuous one-decker motor-omnibus services link up all parts of the new town. The hotels are improving fast and even a number of night cabarets have been opened. An automatic telephone system has been installed, and a 3,000 kilowatt electric light station is being erected to augment the present supply. A gas concession has been granted.

There is a continual influx of representatives of foreign business groups, the principal ones missing at present being British. Nearly every other European nation has obtained some important work.

About three million sterling is to be spent on a ten-year town-planning program. The improvements at present being made so fast have to be executed on a budget of about $500,000 a year.—London Daily Mail.

The Gypsy.

The word gypsy is derived from Egyptian, which was first corrupted into Gypcian, and then into Gypsy or Gipsy; the Gypsies being popularly supposed to be Egyptians. Ethnologists generally concur in regarding them as descendants of some obscure Hindu tribe. They appeared in eastern Europe at the beginning of the 11th century, and are now found in every part of the world. They speak a corrupt Sanskrit dialect, and are dark-skinned, dark-eyed, lithe and sinewy. They are nomadiac, living largely in tents, huts or caves, and are generally fortune tellers, musicians, cattle dealers or tinkers. They appear to be destitute of any system of religion but traces of various forms of paganism are found in their language and customs.

Water-Tap Waste.

Do your water-taps leak? If so, they are probably wasting between 17,000 and 42,000 gallons of water annually.

Mr. R. Howell, a Freeman of the City of London, has perfected, after fourteen years' research work, a new washerless, splashless, dripless water-tap. It can be taken to pieces in a moment or two and cleaned, and is guaranteed to work for ten years without repair or replacements. Should anything go wrong with it, new spare parts will be easily obtainable.

During tests, one tap with full pressure of water was mechanically turned on and off 268,000 times, equal to eighteen years of domestic wear, and even then it did not leak.

The Helmet of Navarre

A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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"Pontou? The name is nothing to me. The others?" He was leaning forward eagerly. I knew at what he was thinking—the quickest way to reach the Rue Coupejarrets.

"There are two others, monsieur," I said slowly. "Young men—noble."

"Their names, lad!"

Then, seeing him unsuspecting, the fury in my heart surged up and covered every other feeling. I burst out:

"Gervais de Grammont and the Comte de Mar."

He looked me in the face, and he knew I was telling the truth. Unexpected as it was, hideous as it was, yet he knew I was telling the truth.

I had seen cowards turn pale, but never the color washed from a brave man's face. The sight made my fingers itch to strangle that gray-eyed cheat.

With a cry monsieur sprang toward me.

"You lie, you cur!"

"No, monsieur," I gasped; "it is the truth."

He let me go then and laid his hand on the collar of the dog, who had sprung to his aid. But monsieur had got a hurt from which the dumb beast's loyalty could not defend him. He stood with bowed head, a man stricken to the heart's core. Full of wrath as I was the tears came to my eyes for monsieur.

"It is some damnable mistake. You have been tricked!"

"No! They tricked me once. Not again! Not this time. I knew not who they were till now, when I talked with Marcel. The two things fitted."

"Then it is your guess. You dare to say"—

"No, I know!" I interrupted rudely too excited to remember respect. "Shall I tell what these men were like? I had never seen M. le Comte nor M. de Grammont before. One was broad-shouldered and heavy, with a black beard and a black scowl, whom the other called Gervais. The young er was called Etienne, tall and slender, with gray eyes and fair hair. Am like monsieur?" I cried, suddenly aware of it, "Mordieu! how he is like though he is light! In face, in voice in manner! He speaks like monsieur He has monsieur's laugh. I was blind not to see it. I believe that was why I loved him so much."

"It was he whom you would not be fray?"

"Aye. That was before I knew."

Thinking of the trust I had given him my wrath boiled up again. Monsieur took me by the shoulder and looked at me as if he would look through me to the naked soul.

"How do I know that you are no lying?"

"Monsieur does know it."

"Yes," he answered after a moment "Alas! yes, I know it."

He stood looking at me, with the dreariest face I ever saw—the face o a man whose son has sought to mur der him. Looking back on it now wonder that I was sent to monsieu with that story. I wonder why I did not bury the shame and disgrace of I in my own heart at whatever cos keep it from monsieur. But the though never entered my head then. I was so full of black rage against Yeux-Gris—him most of all, because he had set me so—that I could feel nothing else I knew that I pitied monsieur, yet I hardly felt it.

"Tell me everything—how you met them—all. Else I shall not believe a word of your devilish rigmarole," mon sieur cried out.

I told him the whole shameful story every word—from my lightning visio to my gossip with Marcel in the ante chamber, he listening in hopeless si lence. At length I finished. It seemed long since he had spoken. At last he said, "Then it is true." The grayness of his face drew the cry from me:

"The villain! the black-hearted vil lain!"

"Take care, Felix, he is my son!"

I got hold of my cross and tore it off breaking the chain.

"See, monsieur. That is the cross on which he swore the plot was no against you. He swore it, and Gervais de Grammont, my fortune tellers, musicians, cattle dealers or tinkers. They appear to be destitute of any system of religion but traces of various forms of paganism are found in their language and customs.

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"Their names, lad!"

Then, seeing him unsuspecting, the fury in my heart surged up and covered every other feeling. I burst out:

"Gervais de Grammont and the Comte de Mar."

He looked me in the face, and he knew I was telling the truth. Unexpected as it was, hideous as it was, yet he knew I was telling the truth.

I had seen cowards turn pale, but never the color washed from a brave man's face. The sight made my fingers itch to strangle that gray-eyed cheat.

With a cry monsieur sprang toward me.

"You lie, you cur!"

"No, monsieur," I gasped; "it is the truth."

He let me go then and laid his hand on the collar of the dog, who had sprung to his aid. But monsieur had got a hurt from which the dumb beast's loyalty could not defend him. He stood with bowed head, a man stricken to the heart's core. Full of wrath as I was the tears came to my eyes for monsieur.

"It is some damnable mistake. You have been tricked!"

"No! They tricked me once. Not again! Not this time. I knew not who they were till now, when I talked with Marcel. The two things fitted."

"Then it is your guess. You dare to say"—

"No, I know!" I interrupted rudely too excited to remember respect. "Shall I tell what these men were like? I had never seen M. le Comte nor M. de Grammont before. One was broad-shouldered and heavy, with a black beard and a black scowl, whom the other called Gervais. The younger was called Etienne, tall and slender, with gray eyes and fair hair. Am I like monsieur?" I cried, suddenly aware of it, "Mordieu! how he is like, though he is light! In face, in voice, in manner! He speaks like monsieur. He has monsieur's laugh. I was blind not to see it. I believe that was why I loved him so much."

"It was he whom you would not be a fray?"

"Aye. That was before I knew."

Thinking of the trust I had given him my wrath boiled up again. Monsieur took me by the shoulder and looked at me as if he would look through me to the naked soul.

"How do I know that you are not lying?"

"Monsieur does know it."

"Yes," he answered after a moment. "Alas! yes, I know it."

He stood looking at me, with the dreariest face I ever saw—the face of a man whose son has sought to murder him. Looking back on it now, I wonder that I was sent to monsieur with that story. I wonder why I did not bury the shame and disgrace of it in my own heart at whatever cost, keep it from monsieur. But the thought never entered my head then. I was so full of black rage against Yeux-Gris—him most of all, because he had set me so—that I could feel nothing else. I knew that I pitied monsieur, yet I hardly felt it.

"Tell me everything—how you met them—all. Else I shall not believe a word of your devilish rigmarole," monsieur cried out.

I told him the whole shameful story every word—from my lightning vision to my gossip with Marcel in the antechamber, he listening in hopeless silence. At length I finished. It seemed long since he had spoken. At last he said, "Then it is true." The grayness of his face drew the cry from me:

"The villain! the black-hearted villain!"

"Take care, Felix, he is my son!"

I got hold of my cross and tore it off, breaking the chain.

"See, monsieur. That is the cross on which he swore the plot was no against you. He swore it, and Gervais de Grammont, my fortune tellers, musicians, cattle dealers or tinkers. They appear to be destitute of any system of religion but traces of various forms of paganism are found in their language and customs.

"Profaner!" cried monsieur.

"It is no sacrilege!" I retorted. "That is no holy thing since he has touched it. He has made it vile—scoundrel, assassin, parricide!"

Monsieur struck the words from my lips.

"It is true," I muttered.

"Were it ten times true you have no right to say it."

"No, I have none," I answered ashamed. I might not speak ill of a St Quentin, though he were the devil's own. But my rage came uppermost again.

"I can bring monsieur to the house in twenty minutes. Vigo and a handful of men can take them prisoners before they can suspect aught amiss. They are only three—he and Grammont and the lackey."

But monsieur shook his head.

"I cannot do that."

"Why not, monsieur?"

"Can I take my own son prisoner?" "Monsieur need not go," said I, wondering. In his place I would have gone and killed Yeux-Gris with my own hands. "Vigo and I and two more can do it. Vigo and I alone if monsieur would not shame him before the men." I guessed at what he was thinking.

"Not even you and Vigo," he answered. "Think you I would arrest my son like a common felon—shame him like that?"

"He has shamed himself!" I cried I cared not whether I had a right to say it. "He has forgotten his honor."

"Aye. But I have remembered mine."

"Monsieur! Monsieur cannot mean to let him go scot-free?"

But his eyes told me that he did mean it.

"Then," I said in more and more amazement, "monsieur forgives him?"

His face set sternly.

"No," he answered. "No, Felix. He has placed himself beyond my forgiveness."

"Then we will go there alone, we two, and kill him! Kill the three!"

He laughed. But not a man in France felt less mirthful.

"You would have me kill my son?"

"He would have killed you."

"That makes no difference."

I looked at him, groping after the thoughts that swayed him and catching at them dimly. I knew them for the principles of a proud and honor-ruled man, but there was no room for them in my angry heart.

"Monsieur," I cried, "will you let three villains go unpunished for the sake of one?" It was what I had meant to do awhile back, but the case was changed now.

"Of two: Gervais de Grammont is also of my blood."

"Monsieur would spare him as well —him, the ringleader!"

"He is my cousin."

"He forgets it."

"But I do not."

"Monsieur, will you have no vengeance?"

Monsieur looked at me.

"When you are a man, Felix Broux, you will know that there are other things in this world besides vengeance. You will know that some injuries cannot be avenged. You will know that a gentleman cannot use the same weapons that blackguards use to him."

"Ah, monsieur!" I cried. "Monsieur is indeed a nobleman!" But I was furious with him for it.

He turned abruptly and paced down the room. The dog, which had been standing at his side, stayed still, looking from him to me with puzzled, troubled eyes. He knew quite well, something was wrong and vented his feelings in a long, dismal whine. Monsieur spoke to him; Roland bounded up to him and licked his hand. They walked up and down together, comforting each other.

"At least," I cried in desperation, "monsieur has the spy."

He laughed. Only a man in utter despair could have laughed then as he did.

"Even the spy to wreak vengeance on consoles you somewhat, Felix? But does it seem to you fair that a tool should be punished when the leaders go free?"

"No," said I; "but it is the common way."

"That is a true word," he said, turning away again.

I waited till he faced me once more.

"Monsieur will not suffer the spy to go free?"

"No, Felix. He shall be punished lest he betray again."

He passed me in his dreary walk. Half a dozen times he passed by me, a broken-hearted man, striving to collect his courage to take up his life once more. But I thought he would never get over the blow. A husband may forget his wife's treachery and a mother will forgive her child's, but a father can neither forget nor forgive the crime of the son who bears his name.

"Ah, monsieur, you are noble and I love you!" I cried from the depths of my heart, and knelt to kiss his hand.

Monsieur laid that king hand on my shoulder.

"You shall serve me. Go now, and send Vigo here. I must be looking to the country's business."

CHAPTER X.

I cursed myself for a fool that I had carried the tale to monsieur. It should have been my business to keep a still tongue and go kill Yeux-gris myself. For this last it was not yet too late.

Marcel was hanging about in the corridor, and to him I gave the word for Vigo. I tore away from his eager questionings and hurried to the gate.

In the morning I had not been able to get in, and now I could no more get out. By Vigo's orders no man might leave the house.

Vigo was after the spy, of course. Monsieur knew the traitor now; he would inform Vigo and the gates would be open for honest men. But that might take time and I could not wait five minutes. I had the audacity to cry to the guards:

"M. le Duc will let me pass out. I refer you to M. le Duc."

The men were impressed. They had a respect for me, since I had been closeted with monsieur. Yet they dared not disobey Vigo for their lives. In this dilemma the poor sentry, fearful of getting into trouble whatever he did, sent up an envoy to ask monsieur. I was frightened then. I had uttered my speech in sheer bravado and was very doubtful as to how he would answer my impudence. But he was utterly careless, I trow, what I did, for presently the word came down that I might pass out.

The sun was setting as I hastened along the streets. I must reach the Rue Coupejarrets before dark, else there was no hope for me. A man in his senses would have known there was no hope anyway. Who but a madman would think of venturing back, forsworn, to those three villains for the killing of one? It would be a miracle if aught resulted but failure and death. Yet I felt no jot of fear as I plunged into the mesh of crooked streets in the Coupejarrets quarter—only ardor to reach my goal. When on turning a corner I came upon a group of idlers choking the narrow ruelle I said to myself that a dozen Parisians in the way could no more stop me than they could stop a charge of horses. All heels and elbows, I pushed into them. But, to my abasement, promptly was I seized upon by a burly porter and bidden, with a curse, to mind my manners. Then I discovered the occasion of the crowd to be a little procession of choristers out of a neighboring church—St. Jean of the Spire it was, though I knew then no name for it. The boys were singing, the watchers quiet, bareheaded. They sang as if there were nothing in the world but piety and love. The last level rays of the sun crowned them with radiant aureoles, painted their white robes glory. I shut my eyes, dazzled: it was as if I beheld a heavenly host. When I opened them again the folk at my side were kneeling as the cross came by. I knelt too, but the holy sign spoke to me only of the crucifix I had trampled on, of Yeux-gris and his lies. I prayed to the good God to let me kill Yeux-gris, prayed, kneeling there on the cobbles, with a fervor I had never reached before. When I rose I ran on at redoubled speed, never doubting that a just God would strengthen my hand, would make my cause His.

I entered the little court. The shutter was fastened as before, but I had my dagger, and could again free the bolt. I could creep upstairs and mayhap stab Yeux-gris before they were aware of my coming. But that was not my purpose. I was no bravo to strike in the back, but the instrument of a righteous vengeance. He must know why he died.

One to three, I had no chance. But if I knocked openly it was likely that Yeux-gris, being my patron, would be the one to come down to me. Then there was the opportunity, a man to man. In pursuance of this plan I was pounding vigorously on the door when a voice behind me cried out blithely:

"So you are back at last, Felix Broux!"

At the first word I wheeled around. In the court entrance stood Yeux-gris, smiling and debonair. He had laid aside his sword and held on his left arm a basket containing a loaf of bread, a roast capon and some bottles, for all the world like an honest prentice doing his master's errand.

"Yes, I am back!" I shouted. "Back to kill you, parricide!"

He had a knife in his belt; the fight was even. I was upon him, my dagger raised to strike. He made no motion to draw, and I remembered in a flash he could not; his right arm was powerless. He sprang back, flinging up his burdened left as a shield, and my blade buried itself in the side of the basket.

As I stabbed I heard feet thundering down the stairs within. I jerked my knife from the wicker and turned to face this new enemy. "Grammont," I thought, and that my end had come.

The door flew open and, shoulder to shoulder like brothers, out rushed Grammont and—Lucas!

My fear was drowned in amaze. I forgot to run and stood staring in sheer, blank bewilderment. Gervais' "Damned traitor!" Gervais, with drawn sword, charged at me.

I had only the little dagger. Lowe my life to Yeux-gris's quick wits and no less quick fingers. Dropping the basket he snatched a bottle from it and hurled it at Gervais.

"Ware, Grammont!" shouted Lucas, springing forward. But the missile flew too quickly. It struck Grammont square on the forehead and he went down like a slaughtered ox.

We looked, not at him but at Lucas —Lucas, the duke's deferential servant, the coward and sneaker. Grammont's hatred, standing here by Grammont's side, glaring at us over his naked sword.

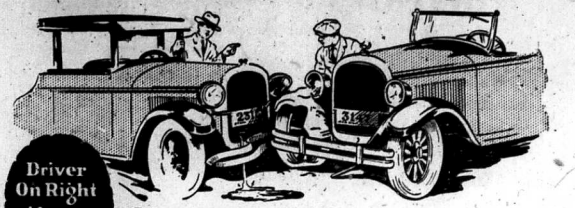
I saw in one glance that Yeux-gris was no less astounded than I, and from that instant, though the inwardness of the matter was still a riddle to me, my heart acquitted him of all dishonesty, of all complicity. His was not the face of a parricide.

"Lucas!" he cried in a dearth of words. "Lucas!"

I was staring at Lucas in thick bewilderment. The man was transformed from the one I knew. At M. le Duc's he had been pale, nervous and shaken —senselessly and contemptibly scared, as I thought, since he was warned of

(Continued on page 5).

Crash!!



Driver On Right Always Has Right Of Way

Somebody Disobeyed the rules

Of course it's always the other chap who is in the wrong—but that doesn't lessen the damage to the innocent party's car—or person.

Motoring could be so much more pleasurable . . . so much safer . . . if we would only observe even the ordinary well known rules of the road.

Let's get out the little old rule book, and brush up on regulations. And what's more, let's begin to observe them as we never did before . . .

And soon life will be more pleasurable . . . and safer . . . for motorist and pedestrian alike.

31

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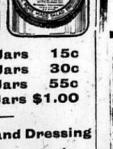

3½ Ounce Jars 15c
8½ Ounce Jars 30c
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Thousand Island Dressing
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I SHALL HAVE A BEASTLY TIME OF IT AROUND HERE AS LONG AS PAWTHAW REMAINS SO MUCH IN MOTHAW'S GOOD GRACES! SO IT—AH— BEHOOVES ME TO TRY AND DESTROY THE HARMONY A BIT!
GRACIOUS, WHAT A HEAVY PERFUME! AND—IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM PA'S COAT! I—I NEVER KNEW PA TO USE PERFUME BEFORE!
WAY—IT'S ON THIS HANDKERCHIEF! A WOMAN'S HANDKERCHIEF! AND IN PA'S COAT POCKET!
THIS WILL BEAR INVESTIGATION!

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We carry the best in

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Martin Senour's 100% Pure Paints and Varnishes.

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Then if you are about to wire your house, or have any of your wiring equipment altered give us a call. Estimates given freely.

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WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

"LONESOME LADIES," with Lewis Stone and Anna F. Nelson, presented by First National Pictures.

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Conrad Nagel plays his second American soldier role in "TIN HATS," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

An exciting and colorful romantic drama of Italy and Africa, vibrant with action, thrills, romance and deep heart appeal, "FIGHTING LOVE."

And a special comedy.

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Napanee's Leading Theatre
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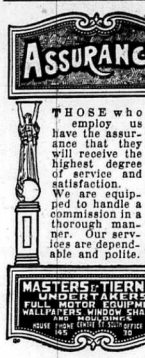

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

Portland Cement.

Also lime and plaster.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Steacy's.

Every week we are getting fresh shipments of cake and pastry from the best firms in Toronto and Ottawa. They are Bodley's and Bake-Rite, Toronto, and Walker's, Ottawa. Thus we are able to give you a wonderful assortment of layer-cake, sponge cake, jelly rolls, marshmallow rolls, all kinds of tarts, raisin and date square, and fruit cake. The wagons are carrying these all the time in specially constructed boxes, which keep them fresh and moist. Ask to see them when you get your bread.

STEACY'S

George Young to Move His Camp.

George Young will break camp at Glen Island, where he has been training for his second marathon swim on Thursday, August 18, and will take up new quarters at the Blythwood Inn, Oakville, which has been entirely turned over to him and his staff for his last two weeks of training. He will swim in the lake behind the estate of Mr. Allan Ross. One of the reasons for the change is that the water around Oakville is on an average two degrees colder than anywhere else on the lake. Another reason for selecting Oakville is because an abundance of fruit and fresh vegetables can be obtained in that district, and they form an important part of George's diet. He will start using grease when he swims now, and needs a beach which will be private. Harry O'Byrne, the trainer, and Irene and Olga will move with George to the new camp. Mr. Levy, his manager, states that he has never been in better condition.

GRAND GARDENS

Kingston-Gananoque Highway

Leo Beauvais

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Open Day and Night. Dance and Dine.

Bookings for Private Parties

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38-d

Buying on the Installment Plan

PURCHASING commodities by paying "a dollar down and a dollar a week" has grown to great popularity. Often the object purchased is worn out before it is paid for, and the purchaser continues to pay. Buy yourself a fortune on the installment plan by placing regular installments of your earnings in a Standard Bank savings account. The money is always available for use if required and there is no depreciation, but accruing interest as the time goes on.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

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GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by Rev. J. O. Totton.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
Visitors cordially invited to all services.

STEACY'S.

We have secured the exclusive agency for Watson's English Quality Biscuits for Napanee and district. To properly introduce these excellent lines, we have just received a large shipment of one pound Demonstrator Cartons. These cartons each contain one pound of assorted buscuits, and retail at 35c. Call and see the display carton at our store or ask to see them when you get your bread from the wagons. We also have the assistance of the company's salesmen, who will call on you in the near future.

38-a STEACY'S.

Frank Blair Killed by Train at Newburgh.

While walking on the Canadian National Railway tracks on Saturday morning, Frank Blair, a tailor, formerly an employee of Mr. W. W. Adams, Newburgh, was struck by the Ottawa-Toronto train and instantly killed. Mr. Blair's two brothers, Ernie and Fred Blair, Napanee, were called to Newburgh to identify the remains. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon from the residence of Mr. Fred Blair. Mr. Blair was a well-known former resident of Napanee, and about 70 years of age. Coroner Cowan was notified and an inquest will be held.

Was With Royal Party.

Among the Canadian newspapermen who accompanied the Prince of Wales, Prince George, Premier Baldwin and the members of their party across the Peace Bridge between Fort Erie and Buffalo on Sunday last, was Mr. John M. Black, Art Editor of the Montreal Standard, and a native of Stirling. Mr. Black was also present at the Peace Celebration at the Buffalo terminal of the the Bridge. While on United States soil he was privileged to shake hands with the Hefr-Apparent, Prince George and the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Mr. Black is a brother of Messrs. C. D. and B. M. Black, Napanee.

World's Wettest Spot.

London's average rainfall is some 25 inches, but in Freetown, the capital of Sierre Leone, 131 inches of rain descend from the the skies every year.

Assam, India's most easterly province, has actually the wettest climate in the world, however, with an annual rainfall of 489 inches. This, by far the heaviest downpour known anywhere, has been registered at Cherrapunji, in the Khasi Hills, where, on certain days in June, as much as 30 inches of rain have fallen within twenty-four hours, the equivalent of London's supply for a whole year.

Colored Concrete.

A new method of producing color in concrete, in which colored ground glass is mixed with the cement, has been introduced.

Twins In One School.

Among the 900 pupils in one Dundee school are fourteen pairs of twins —eighteen girls and ten boys.

Bobby's Query.

Mother: "Robert, you're a naughty boy. You can just go to bed without your supper."

Bobby: "Well, mother, what about that medicine I've got to take after meals?"

Mount Everest.

The Tibetans call Mount Everest by name that means "The place so high that even a bird goes blind there."

Movement of the Eye.

The movements of the human eye are controlled by six muscles.

TRINITY AND ST. ANDREW'S UNITED CHURCHES

United services for the two remaining Sundays in August will be held in Trinity United Church and will be conducted by Rev. E. L. Jull, of Brooklin, Ont.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship 11 a.m.

Bethany Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Mr. Peter Huycke, speaker.

Anderson Church: Sunday School, 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

W.M.S. taking charge of service.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning prayer.
7.00 p.m.—Evensong.

St. John's Selby—
Evening Prayer at 2.30.

PAVEMENT DANCE

Under auspices of the Napanee Band

FRIDAY EVENING

AUGUST 19

3 Lucky Prizes

Tickets, 25 Cents

SELF SERVICE.

Many good folk are lamenting the passing of the era when men and women consecrated their lives to unselfish service and prepared themselves to become ministers, missionaries, teachers or country doctors that they might administer to the spiritual, mental and physical needs of humanity without thought of large worldly gain. They are not in error when they charge that modern men and women are choosing vocations today in which they can do the greatest service to themselves.

People today are coming on the belief that the best way they can hel pothers is to produce much that their profit shall be large and that they shall never become dependent upon society. he old idea of service was direct. The new service is indirect. Twenty years ago it was still thought that only ministers, doctors and teachers served humanity. Today every workman who carries his whole day's wage day's wage home is known to have earned that wage in service to society.

Elbert Hubbard's version of the Golden Rule was, "Do unto others as though you were the others," but an even more up-to-date version is "Do yourself much good and no bad to others." Getting something for yourself is reprehensible only when it is gotten at the expense of another.

No matter which way you drive, if you don't drive the right way it may be the way to jail.

The nice thing about being a man is you don't have to slay home after you wash your head.

It may be that the mills of the gods grind slowly, because they get paid for overtime.

An eye-specialist says green quiets the nerves. This is especially true of green backs.

And so the earth is losing speed. Well, that sounds hopeful. Perhaps is it on the upgrade.

It might help some if the manufacturer would use a miniature figure of a coroner as a radiator cap ornament.

WASHMEN FORM UNION.

Chinese Laundrymen Makes Demands for Higher Prices.

"The birthrate of new unions is high. The latest union to make demands is that of the laundrymen, who left a letter (in English) at the door of each room in my hotel. I quote it in full," writes Arthur Ransome, in the Manchester Guardian, in a description of Hankow.

"Dear Sirs: -

"On account of the standard of living grows higher and the wages of washing-men is increased, we hardly can support ourselves. In order to make live in the society, we organize a association which will do you no harm, except asking you a favor. We think all the foreigners at Hankow will sympathize with us. Now the list of washing clothes is mentioned as following:

"(1) The average price or washing clothes in different size is 6 cents.

"(2) The price of it, in middle size is 8 cents.

"(3) The price of it in large size is 10 cents.

"(4) The price of it, in a month, will be increased half of the total number.

Your truly.

"The Members of the Association of Washing Man."

"This probably means a 50 per cent. increase. Not living in Hankow, I am ready to give it, if only on account of the washing man's politeness," concludes Mr. Ransome.

"If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God," Col. 3: 1-3; "Put on therefore as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering, forbearing one another and forgiving one another. If any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. and above all these things, put on Charity," Col. 3: 12-13.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Bug Death.!

Arsenate of Lead, Arsenate of Lime, death to the bug, food for the vine.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

$ - Dollar Sale - $

3 Days
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday
Aug. 18, 19, 20

Childlren's Wear

Boys' Jerseys
All shades. Assorted sizes. Reg. 39c. Sale price **4 for $1.00**

Kiddies Dimity Slips
Reg. 59c. Sale price **2 for $1.00**

Children's Bloomers
Reg. 25c. Sale price **5 pairs for $1.00**

Children's Vests
4 for $1.00

Children's Socks
Silken Lisle **3 pairs for $1.00**

Children's ¾ length Sox
Reg. 59c. Sale price **2 pairs for $1.00**

Babies' Vests
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The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 3)

the danger and need not face it. But now he was another man. I can think only of those lanterns I have seen set with colored glass. They look dull enough all day, but when the taper within is lighted shine like jewels. So Lucas now. His face, so keen and handsome of feature, was brilliant, his eyes sparkling, his figure instinct with defiance. A smile crossed his face.

"Aye," he answered evenly, "it is Lucas."

M. le Comte appeared to be in a state of stupor. He could not for a space find his tongue to demand:

"How, in the name of heaven, came you here?"

"To fight Grammont," Lucas answered at once.

"A lie!" I shouted. "You're Grammont's friend. You came here to warn him off, its your plot!"

"Felix! The plot?" Yeux-gris cried. "The plot's to murder monsieur. Martin let it out. I thought it was you and Grammont. But it's Lucas and Grammont!"

Lucas hesitated. Even now he debated whether he could not lie out of it. Then he burst into laughter.

"It seems the cat's out of the bag. Aye, M. le Comte de Mar, I came to warn Grammont off. The duke will be here straightway. How will you like to swing for parricide?"

Yeux-gris stared at him, neither in fear nor in fury, but in utter stupefaction.

"But Gervais? He plotted with you? But he hates you!"

We gaped at Lucas like yokels at a conjurer. He made us no answer, but looked from one to other of us with the alertness of an angry viper. We were two, but without swords. I knew he was thinking how easiest to end us both.

M. le Comte cried: "You! You come from Navarre's camp, from M. de Rosny!"

"Aye, I have outwitted more than one man."

"Mordieu! I was right to hate you!"

Lucas laughed. Yeux-gris blazed out: "Traitor and thief! You stole the money. I said that from the first. You drove us from the house. How you and Grammont!"—

"Came together? Very simple," Lucas answered with easy insolence. "Grammont did not love monsieur, your honored father. It was child's play to make an assignation with him and to lament the part forced on me by monsieur. Grammont was ready enough to scent a scheme of M. le Duc's to ruin him. He had said as much to monsieur, as you may deign to remember."

"Aye," said M. le Comte, still like a puzzled child, "he was angry with my father. But afterward he changed his mind. He knew it was you and only you."

Lucas broke again into derisive laughter.

"M. de Grammont is as dull a dolt as ever I met, yet clever enough to gull you. He thought we must suspect. I dreaded it—needlessly. You wise St. Quentins! You cannot see what goes on under your very nose."

M. le Comte sprang forward, scarlet. Lucas flourished the sword.

"The boy there caught at a glance what you had not found out in a fortnight. He gets to the duke and blocks my game—for to-day. But if they send him ahead to hold us till their men came up they were fools too. I'll have the duke yet and I'll have you now."

He rushed at the unarmed Yeux-gris. The latter darted at Grammont's fallen sword, seized it, was on guard all in the second before Lucas reached him. He might have been in a fortnight's trance, but he was awake at last.

I trembled for him; then took heart again, as he parried thrust after thrust and pressed Lucas hard. I had never seen a man fight with his left arm before; I had not realized it could be done, being myself helpless with that hand. But as I watched this combat I speedily perceived how dangerous is a left-handed adversary. In later years I was to understand better, when M. le Comte had become known the length of the land by the title "Le Gaucher." But at this time he was in the habit, like the rest of the world, of fencing with his right hand; his dexterity with the other he rated only as a pretty accomplishment to surprise the crowd. He used his left hand scarcely as well as Lucas the right; yet the thrust sinister being in itself a strength, they were not badly matched. I stood watching with all my eyes, when all suddenly I felt a grasp on my ankle and the next instant was thrown heavily to the pavement.

Grammont had come to life and taken prompt part in the fray.

I fell close to him, and instantly he let go my leg and wound his arms around me. I tried to rise and could not, and we rolled about together in the wine and blood and broken glass. All the while I heard the sword blades clashing. Yeux-gris, God be thanked! seemed to be holding his own.

Fighting Gervais was like fighting two men. Slowly but steadily he pressed on me down and held me. I struggled for dear life—and could not push him back an inch.

I still held my knife, but my arms were pinned down. Gervais raised himself a little to get a better clutch, and his fingers closed on my throat. One grip and life seemed flowing from me. My arm was free now if I could but lift it. If I could not, nevermore could I lift it on this sunny earth. I did lift it and drove the dagger deep into him.

I could not take aim; I could not tell where the knife struck. A gasp showed he was hit; then he clinched my throat once more. Sight went from me and hearing. "It is no use," I thought, and then thought went too.

But once again the saints were kind to me. The blackness passed, and I wondered what had happened that I was spared. Then I saw Grammont clutching with both hands at the dagger hilt. After all the blow had gone home. I had struck him in the left side under the arm. Three good inches of steel were in him.

He had turned over on his side, half off me. I scrambled out from under him. To my surprise Yeux-gris and Lucas were still engaged. I had thought it hours since Grammont pulled me down.

As I rose Yeux-gris turned his head toward me. Sadly for a second, but in that second Lucas pinked his shoulder. I dashed between them; they lowered their points.

"First blood for me!" cried Lucas. "That serves for to-day, M. le Comte. I regret that I cannot wait to kill you, but that will come. It is necessary that I go before M. le Duc arrives. Clear the way."

M. le Comte stood his ground, barring the alley. They glared at each other motionless.

Grammont had raised himself to to his knees and was trying painfully to get on his feet.

"A nand, Lucas," he gasped.

Lucas gave him a startled glance, but neither went nor spoke to him.

"I am not much hurt," said Grammont huskily. Holding by the wall he clambered up on his feet. He swayed, reeled forward and clutched Lucas's arm.

"Lucas, Lucas, help me! Draw out the knife. I cannot. I shall be myself when the knife is out. Lucas, for God's sake!"

"You will die when the knife is out," said Lucas, wrenching himself free. He turned again to M. le Comte, and his eyes glistened as he saw the blood trickling down his sleeve and the sword tremble in his hand.

"Come on, then," he cried to Yeux-gris.

But I sprang forward and seized the sword from M. le Comte's hand.

"On guard," I shouted, and we went to work.

I could handle a sword as well as the next one, but M. le Duc had taught me in his idle days at St. Quentin. It served me well now, and him too.

The light was fading in the narrow court. Our blades shone white in the twilight as the weapons clashed in and out. I saw, without looking, Grammont leaning against the wall, his gorr face ashen and Yeux-gris watching me with all his soul, now and then shouting a word of advice.

I had had good training, and I fought for all there was in me. Yet I was a boy not come to my full strength, and Lucas was more than my match. He drove me back further and further toward the house wall. Of a sudden I slipped in a smear of blood (tis no lying excuse; I did slip) and lost my guard. He ran his blade into my shoulder, as he had done with Yeux-gris.

He would likely have finished me had not a cry from Grammont shaken him.

"The duke!"

In truth a deepening noise of hoofs and shouts came down the alley from the street.

Lucas looked at me, who had regained my guard and stood, little hurt, between him and M. le Comte. He could not push past me into the street, and so through the other street. He made for the alley, crying out:

"Au revoir, messieurs! We shall meet again."

Grammont seized him.

"Help me, Lucas, for the love of Christ! Don't leave me, Lucas!"

Lucas beat him off with his sword.

"Every man for himself!" he cried, and sprang down the alley.

"It is not the duke," I said to Yeux-gris. "It is most likely the watch." I paled at the thought, for the watch was the League's and Lucas by all signs the League's tool. It might go hard with us if captured. "Go through the house, M. le Comte," a cried. "Quick, if you love your life! I'll keep them at the alley's mouth as long as I can."

Not waiting for his answer I rushed down the passage. At the end of it I ran against Lucas, who in his turn had bowled into Vigo.

CHAPTER XI.

I knew of old that it was easier to catch a weasel asleep than Vigo absent where he was needed; yet I did not expect to meet him in the alley. Monsieur, then, had changed his mind.

"Well caught!" cried Vigo, winding his arms round Lucas, who was struggling furiously for liberty. "Here, Maurice, Jules, I have number one. Ah, you young sinner! with your crew again? I thought as much. Tie the knots hard, boys. Better be quiet, you snake; you can't get away."

Lucas seemed to make up his mind to this, for he quieted down directly.

"So the game is up," he said pleasantly. "I had hoped to be gone before you arrived, dear Vigo."

We had both been deprived promptly of our swords and Lucas's wrists were roped together, but my only bond was Vigo's hand on my arm.

"Where are the others?" he demanded. "No tricks now."

"Here," I said, and led the way down the passage. Maurice and Jules, with their prisoner, pressed after us, and half a dozen of the duke's guard after them. The rest stayed without to mind the horses and keep off the gathering crowd.

One of the men had a torch which lighted the red pavement. Vigo saw this first.

"Morbleu! Is it a shambles?"

"That is wine," I said.

"They spilled wine for effect, they spilled so little blood!" Thus Lucas, speaking with the cool devilry as if he still commanded the situation. Vigo could not know what he meant, but he asked no questions. Instead bade Lucas hold his tongue.

"I am dumb," Lucas rejoined with a mock meekness more insolent than insolence. But we paid it no heed; for M. le Comte came forward out of the shadows. He held his head well up, but his face was white above his crimsoned doublet.

"M. Etienne! Are you hurt?" shouted Vigo.

"No, but he is." M. le Comte stepped aside to show us Grammont leaning against the wall.

"Ah!" cried Vigo triumphantly. He and two of the men rushed at Gervais.

"You would not take me so easily but for a cursed knife in my back," Grammont muttered thickly. "For the love of heaven, Vigo, draw it out."

With amazement Vigo perceived the knife.

"Who did it?"

"I."

"You, Felix! In the back?" Vigo looked at me as if to demand again which side I was on.

"He lay on me, throttling me," I explained. "I stabbed any way I could."

"I trow you are a dead man," Vigo told Grammont. "Natheless, here comes the knife."

It came, with a great cry from the victim. He fell back against Vigo's man, clapping his hand to his side.

"I am done for," he gasped faintly.

"That is well," said Vigo, carefully wiping off the knife.

"You is the accomplished," Grammont gasped, pointing to Lucas.

"He will die a worse death than you," said Vigo.

Grammont looked from the one to the other of us, the sullen rage in his face fading to a puzzled helplessness. He said fretfully:

"Which—which is Etienne?"

He could no longer see us plain. M. le Comte came forward silently. Grammont struggled for breath in a way pitiable to see. I put my arm about him and helped the guardsman to hold him straighter. He reached out his hand and caught at M. le Comte's sleeve.

"Etienne—Etienne—pardon. It was wrong toward you—but I never had the pistoles. He called me thief—the duke. I beseech—your—pardon."

M. le Comte was silent.

"It was all Lucas—Lucas did it." Grammont muttered with stiffening lips. "I am sorry for—I am dying—I cannot die—without a chance. Say you —for—give"—

Still M. le Comte held back, silent. Treachery was no less treachery though Grammont was dying. All the more that they were cousins, bed-fellows, was the injury great to forgive. M. le Comte said nothing.

How Grammont found the strength only God knows, who haply in His goodness gave him a last chance of mercy. Suddenly he straightened his sinking body, started from our hold and tottered toward his cousin, both hands outstretched in appeal.

M. le Comte's face was set like a flint. The dying man faltered forward. Then M. Etienne, never changing his countenance, slowly, half reluctantly, like a man in a dream, held out his hand.

But the old comrades, estranged by traitory, were never to clasp again. As he reached M. le Comte Grammont fell at his feet.

"He was a strong man," said Vigo. He turned Grammont's face up and added the word, "Dead!" Vigo adored the Duke of St. Quentin. Otherwise he had no emotions.

But I was not case-hardened. And I —I myself—had killed this man, who had died slowly and in great pain. Vigo's voice sounded to me far off as he said bluntly:

"M. le Comte, I make you my prisoner."

"No, by heaven!" cried M. Etienne in a vibrating voice that brought me back to reality; "no Vigo! I am no murderer. Things may look black against me, but I am innocent. You have one villain at your feet and one a prisoner, but I am not a third! I am a St. Quentin; I do not plot against my father. I was to aid Grammont to set on Lucas, who would not answer a challenge. I have been tricked. Gervais asked my forgiveness—you heard him. Their dupe, yes; accomplice I was not. Never have I lifted my hand against my father, nor would I, whatever came. That I swear. Never have I had eyes on Lucas since I left monsieur's presence, till now when he came out of that door side by side with Grammont. Whatever the plot I knew naught of it. I am a St. Quentin—no parricide!"

The ringing voice ceased and M. le Comte stood silent, with haggard eyes on Vigo. Had he been prisoner at the bar of judgment he could not have waited in greater anxiety. For Vigo, the yeoman and servant, never minced words to any man nor swerved from the stark truth.

I burned to seize Vigo's arm, to spur him on to speech. Of course he be-

lieved M. Etienne; how dared he make his master wait for the assurance? On his knees he should be imploring M. le Comte's pardon.

But no thought of humbling himself troubled Vigo. Nor did he pronounce judgment, but merely said:

"M. le Comte will go home with me now. To-morrow he can tell his story to my master."

"I will tell it before this hour is out!"

"No. M. le Duc has left Paris. But it matters not, M. Etienne. Monsieur suspects nothing against you. Felix kept your name from him. And by the time I had screwed it out of Martin monsieur was gone."

"Core of Paris?" M. Etienne echoed blankly. To his eagerness he was as if M. le Duc were in France.

"Aye. He meant to go to-night—monsieur, Lucas and I. But when monsieur learned of this he swore he'd go not in open day. 'If the League must kill me,' says he, 'they can do it in daylight, with all Paris watching.' That's monsieur!"

At this I understood how Vigo came to be in the Rue Coupejarrets. Monsieur in his disguise and anger had not gone from that unhappy house had forgotten the spy. Left to his own devices, the equerry, struck with suspicion at Lucas's absence, laid instant hands on Martin the clerk, with whom Lucas, disliked in the household, had had some intimacy. It had not occurred to Vigo that M. le Comte if guilty should be spared. At once he had sounded boots and saddles.

"I will return with you, Vigo," M. le Comte said. "Does the meanest lackey in my father's house call me parricide I must meet the charge. My father and I have differed, but if we are no longer friends we are still noblemen. I could never plot his murder, nor could he for one moment believe it of me."

I, guilty wretch, quailed. To take a flogging were easier than to confess to him the truth. But I reasoned I must.

"Monsieur," I said, "I told M. le Duc you were guilty. I went back a second time and told him."

"And he?" cried M. Etienne.

"Yes, monsieur, he did believe it."

"Mordieu! that cannot be true," Vigo cried, "for when I saw him he gave me a sign."

"It is true. But he would not have M. le Comte touched. He said he could not move in the matter; he could not punish his own kin."

M. le Comte's face blazed as he cried out:

"Vastly magnanimous! I thank him not. I'll none of his mercy. I expected his faith."

"You had no claim to it, M. le Comte."

"Vigo!" cried the young noble, "you are insolent, shrewd—"

"I cry monsieur's pardon."

He was quite respectful and quite unabashed. He had meant no insolence. But M. Etienne had dared criticise the duke, and that Vigo did not allow.

M. Etienne glared at him in speechless wrath. It would have liked him well to bring this contumelious varlet to his knees. But how? It was a byword that Vigo minded no man's face but the duke's. The King of France could not dash him.

Vigo went on:

"It seems I have exceeded my duty, monsieur, in coming here. Yet it turns out for the best, since Lucas is caught and M. de Grammont dead and you cleared of suspicion."

"What!" Yeux-gris cried. "What! you call me cleared!"

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My blade buried itself in the side of the basket.

Vigo looked at him in surprise.

"You said you were innocent, M. le Comte."

M. le Comte stared, without a word to answer. The equerry, all unaware of having said anything unexpected, turned to the guardsman Maurice:

"Well, is Lucas trussed? Have you searched him?"

Maurice displayed a poniard and a handful of small coins for sole booty, but Jules made haste to announce: "He has something else, though—a paper sewed up in his doublet. Shall I rip it out, M. Vigo?"

With Lucas's own knife the grinning Jules slashed his doublet from throat to thigh to extract a folded paper the size of your palm. Vigo pondered the superscription slowly, not much at home with the work of a quill save those that winged arrows. M. Etienne, coming forward, with a sharp exclamation snatched the packet.

"How came you by my letter?"

"M. le Comte was pleased to consign it for delivery to Martin."

"What purpose had you with it?"

"Rest assured; dear monsieur, I had a purpose."

The questions were stormily vehement, the answers so gentle as to be fairly caressing. It was waste of time and dignity to parley with the scoundrel till one could back one's queries with the boot. But M. Etienne's passion knew no waiting. Thrusting the letter into his breast, ere I, who had edged up to him, could catch a glimpse of its address, he cried upon Lucas:

"Speak! You were ready enough to jeer at me for a dupe. Tell me what you would do with your dupe. You dared not open the plot to me—you did me the honor to know I would not kill my father. Then why use me blindfold? An awkward game, Lucas."

Lucas disagreed as politely as if exchanging pleasantries in a salon.

"A dexterous game, M. le Comte. Your best friends deemed you guilty. What could your enemies have said?"

"Ah-h," breathed M. Etienne.

"It dawns on you, monsieur? You are marvellous thick-witted, yet surely you must perceive. We had a dozen fellows ready to swear that your hand killed monsieur."

"You would kill me for my father's murder?"

"Ma foi, no!" cried Lucas airily. "Never in the world! We should have let you live, in the knowledge that whenever you displeased us we could send you to the gallows."

M. le Comte, silent, stared at him with wild eyes, like one who looks into the open roof of hell. Lucas fell to laughing.

"What! hang you and let our cousin Valere succeed? Mon dieu, no! M. Valere is a man!"

With a blow the guardsman struck the words and the laughter from his lips. But I, who no more than Lucas knew how to hold my tongue, thought I saw a better way to punish this brazen knave. I cried out:

"You are the dupe, Lucas! Aye, and coward to boot, fleeing here from—nothing. I knew naught against you—you saw that. To slip out and warn Martin before Vigo got a chance at him—that was all you had to do. Yet you never thought of that, but rushed away here, leaving Martin to betray you. Had you stuck to your post you had been now on the road to St. Denis instead of the road to the Greve! Fool! fool! fool!"

He winced. He had not been ashamed to betray his benefactor, to bite the hand that fed him, to desert a wounded comrade, but he was ashamed to confront his own blunder. I had the satisfaction of pricking, not his conference, for he had none, but his pride.

"I had to warn Grammont off," he retorted. "Could I believe St. Quentin such a lack-wit as to forgive those two because they were his kin? Better than you knew when you shut the door on me. You tricked me, you marplot, you sneak! How came you into the coil?"

"By God's grace," M. le Comte answered. He laid a hand on my shoulder and leaned there heavily. Lucas grinned.

"Ah, waxing pious, is he? The prodigal prepares to repent."

M. Etienne's hand clinched on my shoulder. Vigo commanded a gag for Lucas, saying, with the only touch of anger I ever knew him to show:

"He shall hang when the king comes in. And now to horse, lads, and out of the quarter; we have wasted too much time palavering. King Henry is not in Paris yet. We shall do well not to be in Bellu, though we can make little trouble if he troubles us. Come, monsieur. Men, guard your prisoner. I misjudge if he is not cropful of the devil still."

He did not look it. His figure was drooping; his face purple and contorted for one of the troopers had crammed his scarf into the man's mouth, half strangling him. As he was led past us, with a sudden frantic effort fit to dislocate his jaw he disgorged the gag to cry out wildly:

"Oh, M. l'Ecuyer, have mercy! Have pity upon me! For Christ's sake, pity!"

His bravado had broken down at last. He tried to fling himself at Vigo's feet. The guards relaxed their hold to see him grovel.

That was what he had hoped for. In a flash he was out of their grasp, flying down the alley.

(Continued on page 6).

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2 Horse Races. Ball Games.
R. M. College Riding Academy, with 12 horses Jumping Hurdles, Tent Pegging, Push Ball Games, Etc.
Scottish Lady Dancers and Highlanders Band.
EVENING ENTERTAINMENT IN FRONT OF GRAND STAND
7.00 p.m.—Baby Show.
8.00 p.m.—High Class Vocal Entertainment: Mary Daly, Mezzo Soprano; Reg. Wiseman, Baritone; Christie, Friend and Jackson, Comic Singers and Comedians.
Also Scottish Lady Dancers.
High class music by Highlanders 30-Piece Band.
To conclude with grand display of Fireworks by Prof. Hand.

Afternoon Programme
Wednesday, August 24th
2 Horse Races. Ball Games. R. M. C. Riding Academy.
Highlanders 30-Piece Band.
Judging of Horses and Lady Scottish Dancers.
EVENING PROGRAMME
J. G. Daly, Basso; and Grand Concert by Ye Olde Tyme Concert Co., of Toronto: Mary Smith, Confralto; Marjorie Walters, Soprano; Maude W. Chapman, Pjano; A. C. Chapman, Tenor; W. H. Norris, Basso.
Scottish Lady Dancers. R. M. C. Riding Academy, and Highlanders Band. To conclude with Fireworks by Prof. Hand.

Afternoon Programme
Thursday, August 25th
2 Horse Races. Judging of Carriage Horses.
R. M. C. Riding Academy and Highlanders Band.
EVENING ENTERTAINMENT
Grand Vocal Entertainment by Ye Olde Tyme Concert Co., of Toronto.
Scottish Lady Dancers.
R. M. C. Riding Academy.
Highlanders Band and Fireworks.

Afternoon Programme
Friday, August 26th
2 Horse Races. Ball Games.
Judging of Horses. Stock Parade.
R. M. C. Riding Academy.
Scottish Dancers and Highlanders Band.
BIG COMMUNITY DANCE IN THE ARMOURIES
FRIDAY NIGHT
Music by the Highlanders Band.
No charge for admittance at the gate Friday night.
ROY ARMSTRONG, President. T. B. WALLACE, Treasurer.
J. L. BOYES, Secretary.

The Helmet of Navarre

Continued from page 5).

"To Vigo! Vigo is attacked," we heard him shout.

It was so quick we stood dumfounded. And then we dashed after, pell-mell, tumbling over one another in our stampede. In the alley we ran against three or four of the guard answering Lucas's cry. We lost precious seconds disentangling ourselves and shouting that it was Vigo and Lucas who were escaped. When they comprehended we all rushed together out of the passage, emerging among frightened horses and a great press of excited men.

JUICY FRUIT has the flavor of fresh, ripe fruits.
It is beneficial too, cleansing mouth and teeth, soothing the throat and helping digestion.
After Every Meal

CHAPTER XII.

"Which way went he?"

"The man who just came out?"

"This way."

"No, yonder!"

"Nay, I saw him not."

"A man with bound hands, you say?"

"Here!"

"Down that way!"

"A man in black, was he? Here he is!"

"Fool, no; he went that way!"

M. Etienne, Vigo, I and the guards made rushed hither and thither, all the while ever-thickening crowd, shouting after Lucas and exchanging rapid questions with everyone we passed. But from the very first the search was hopeless. It was dark by this time and a mass of people blocked the street, surging this way and that, some eagerly forcing in the chase, others, from ready sympathy with any rogue, doing their best to hinder and confuse us. There was no way to tell how he had gone. A needle in a haystack is easy compared with one who loses himself in a Paris crowd by night.

M. Etienne plunged into the first opening he saw, shouting his way manfully. I followed in his wake, his tall bright head making as good an orifamme as the king's plume at Ivry, but when at length we came out down the street we had seen no trace of Lucas.

"He is gone," said M le Comte.

"Yes, monsieur. If it were day they might find him, but not now."

"No. Even Vigo will not find him. He is worsted for once. He has let slip the shrewdest knave in France. Well, he is gone," he repeated after a minute. "It cannot be mended by me. He is off, and so am I."

"Whither, monsieur?"

"That is my concern."

"But monsieur will set M. le Duc?" He shook his head.

"But, monsieur"—

He broke in on me fiercely.

"Think you that I—I, smirched and sullied, reeking with plots of murder—am likely to betake myself to the noblest gentleman in France?"

"He will welcome M. le Comte."

"Nay; he believed me guilty."

"But, monsieur"—

"You may not say 'but' to me."

"Pardon, monsieur. Am I to tell Vigo monsieur is gone?"

"Tell him." His lip quivered; he struggled hard for steadiness. "You will go to M. le Duc, Felix, and rise in his favor as you have served his ill-will. Then tell him this from me—that some day, when I have made me worthy to enter his presence then will I go to him and lay his forgiveness on my knees. And now farewell."

He slipped away into the darkness. I stood hesitating for a moment. Then I followed my lord.

He slackened his pace as he heard footsteps overtake him, and, where a beam of light came from an open door he wheeled about, thinking me a footpad.

"You, Felix?"

"Yes, monsieur; I go with M. le Comte."

"I have not permitted you."

"Then must I go in despite. Monsieur is wounded; I cannot leave him go unsquired."

"There are lackeys to hire. I bade you seek M. le Duc."

"Is not monsieur a thought unreasonable? I cannot be in two places at once. Monsieur can send a letter. The duke has Vigo and a household. I go with M. le Comte."

"Oh, Felix, "you are a faithful servant! We are ridden to death by our faithful servants, we St. Quentins. Myself, I prefer them fleet." He added growing angrier, "Will you leave me?"

"No, monsieur," said I.

He glowered at me and I think he had some notion of chasing me away with his sword. But since his dignity could not so stoop he growled:

"Come, then, if you choose to come unasked and most unwelcome!"

With this he walked on a yard ahead of me, never turning his head or making a word, I following meekly, wondering whither, and devoutly hoping it might be to supper. Presently I observed that we were in a better quarter of the town, and before long we came to a broad, well-lighted inn, whence proceeded a merry chatter and rattle of dice. M. Etienne with accustomed feet turned into the court at the side, and waiting upon a groom who was crossing from door to door despatched him for the landlord. Mine host came, fat and smiling, unworried by the hard times, greeted Yeux-gris as an acclaim as "this dear M. le Comte," wondered at his long absence and bloody shirt and granted with all alacrity the three demands of a supper, a surgeon and a bed. I stood back, ill at ease, aching at the mention of supper and wondering whether I were to be driven off like an obtrusive puppy. But when M. le Comte, without glancing at me, said to the drawer, "Take care of my serving man," I knew my stomach was safe.

That was the most I thought of then. I do confess, for except for my sausage I had not tasted food since morning. The barber came and bandaged M. le Comte and put him straight to bed, and I was left free to fall on the ample victuals set before me, and was somfortortable and happy that the Comte Jarrets seemed like an evil dream. Since that day I have been an easy mark for beggars if they could but manage to look starved.

Presently came a servant to say that my bed was spread in M. le Comte's room, and upstairs ran I with an utterly happy heart, for I saw by this token that I was forgiven. Indeed, no sooner had I got fairly inside the door than my master raised himself on his sound elbow and called out:

"Oh, Felix, do you bear me malice for an ungrateful churl?"

"I bear malice?" I cried, flushing. "Monsieur is mocking me. I know monsieur cannot love me, since I attempted his life. Yet my wish is to be allowed to serve him so faithfully that he can forget it."

"Nay," he said; "I have forgotten it. And it was freely forgiven from the moment I saw Lucas at my cousin's side."

"For the second time," I said, "monsieur saved my life." And I dropped on my knees beside the bed to kiss his hand. He snatched it away from me and flung his arm around my neck and kissed my cheek.

"Felix," he cried, "but for you my hands would be red with my father's blood. You rescued him from Lucas and me from worse. If I have any shreds of honor left 'tis you have saved them to me."

"Monsieur," I stammered, "I did naught. I am your servant till I die."

"You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's dupe and a fool!"

"Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was a plot. You know what he said—

"Aye," he cried with bitter vehemence, "I shall remember for some time what he said. They would be rid of me to make my cousin Valere duke! He was a man. But I—nom de Dieu, I was not worth the killing."

"It is the League's scheming, monsieur."

"Oh, that does not need the saying. Secretaries don't plot against dukedoms on their own account. Some high man is behind Lucas—I dare swear His Grace of Mayenne himself. To get secret of me whose monsieur stands. Yet the king's party grows so strong and the mob so cheers monsieur the League dare not strike openly. So they put a spy in the house to choose time and way. And the spy would not stab, for he saw he could make me do his work for him. He saw I needed but a push to come to open breach with my father. He gave the push. Oh, he could make me gnash his chestnuts from the fire well enough, burning my hands so that I could never strike a free blow again. I was to be their slave, their thrall forever!"

"Never that, monsieur; never that!"

"I am not so sure," he cried. "Hist! it got from me in advance of a stray boy from Picardie I trow Lucas would have put his purpose through. I was benighted; I was made dizzy. I saw my cousin Gervais to be morose and cruel, yet I had done him no harm; I had always stood his friend. I thought him shamefully used. I had been ill-treated out of my father's house to champion him. I had no more notion he was plotting my ruin than I had of playing with his dolls. I was their doll, mordieu! their toy, their crazy fool on a chain. But life is not over yet. To-morrow I go to pledge my sword to Henry of Navarre."

"Monsieur, if he comes to the faith"—

"Mordieu! faith is not all. Were he a pagan of the wilderness he were better than these Leaguers. He fights and loves and keeps his word openly. He could have had the city before now save that he will not starve us. He looks the other way for the provisions trains come in. But the Leaguers, with all their regiments, dare not openly strike down one man—one man who has come all alone to throw their country—they put a spy into his house to eat his bread and betray him; they stir up his own kin to slay him, that they may not be called the League's work. And they are most Catholic and noble gentlemen! Nay, I am done with these pious plotters who would reform my hands with my father's blood and make me outcast and despised of all men. I have spent my playtime with the League; I will go work with Henry of Navarre!"

I caught his fire.

"By St. Quentin," I cried, "we will beat these Leaguers yet!"

He laughed, yet his eyes burned with determination.

"By St. Quentin, shall we! You and I, Felix, you and I alone will overturn the whole League! We will show them that we are not minded to be trifled with lightly of me. Why not? I never took part with my father. I lazed about in these gay Paris houses, bent on my pleasure, and gave them the passage. I will take sides in the fight for a kingdom. What should they see in me but an empty-headed young gentleman fluttering away his life in follies? But they will find I am something more. Well, enter there!"

He dropped back among the pillows, striving to look careless, as Maitre Menard, the landlord, opened the door and stood shuffling on the threshold.

"Does M. le Comte sleep?" he asked me deferentially, though I think he could not but have heard M. Etienne's tirading half-way down the passage.

"Not yet," I answered. "What is it?"

"Why, a man came with a billet for M. le Comte and insisted it be sent at once. I told him monsieur was not to be disturbed; he had been wounded and was sleeping; I said it was not sense to wake him for a letter which could wait till morning. But he would have 'twas of instant import, and so"—

"Oh, he is not asleep," I declared, eagerly ushering the maitre in, my mind leaping to the conclusion, for no reason save my arduous wish, that Vigo had discovered our whereabouts.

"I dared not deny him further," added Maitre Menard. "He wore the livery of M. de Mayenne."

"Of Mayenne," I echoed, thinking of what M. Etienne had said. "Pardieu, it may be Lucas himself!" I added, setting up my master's sword I dashed out of the door and was in the cabaret in three steps.

The room contained some score of men, but I, peering about by the uncertain candle light, could find no one who in any wise resembled Lucas, a young gamester seated near the door, whom my sudden entrance had jostled, rose, demanding in the name of his outraged dignity to cross words with me. On any other day I had deemed it impossible to say him nay, but now with a real vengeance, a quarrel a outrance on my hands, he seemed of no consequence at all. I brushed him aside as I demanded M. de Mayenne's man. They said he was gone. I ran out into the dark court and the darker street.

A tapster lounging in the courtyard had seen my man pass out, and he opined with much reason that I should not catch him. Yet I ran a hundred yards up street and a hundred yards down street, shouting on the name of Lucas, calling him coward and skulker, bidding him come forth and fight me. The whole neighborhood became aware that I wanted one Lucas to fight; lights twinkled in windows; men, women and children poured out of doors. But Lucas, if it were he, had for the second time vanished softfooted into the night.

I returned with drooping tail to M. Etienne. He was alone, sitting up in bed awaiting me, his cheeks scarlet, his eyes blazing.

"He is gone," I panted. "I looked everywhere, but he was gone. Oh, if I caught Lucas"—

"You little fool!" he exclaimed. "This was not Lucas. Had you waited long enough to have sung me to drink I had told you. This is no errand of Lucas, but a very different matter."

He sat up in bed, talking still with that glitter of excitement in his eyes. The next instant he threw off the bedclothes and started to rise.

"Get my clothes, Felix. I must go to the Hotel de Lorraine."

But I flung myself upon him, pushing him back into bed and dragging the cover over him by main force.

"You can go nowhere, M. Etienne; it is madness. The surgeon said you must lie here for three days. You will get a fever in your wounds; you shall not go."

"Get off me, 'od rot you; you're smothering me," he gasped. Cautiously I relaxed my grip, still holding him down. He repeated: "Felix, I must go. So long as there is a spark of life left in me I have no choice but to go."

"Monsieur, you said you were done with the Leaguers—with M. de Mayenne."

"Aye, so I did," he cried. "But this —but this is Lorance."

Then at my look of mystification he suddenly opened his hand and tossed me the letter he had held close in his palm.

M. de Mar seems to consider him self of very little consequence. He is very great, when he is absent a whole month from the Hotel de Lorraine Does he think he is not missed? Or is he so sure of his standing that he fears no supplanting? In either case, he is wrong. He is missed, but he will no be missed long. He may be sure of that he feeds not to be forgiven; or he may, if he will, be forgotten. If he would escape oblivion let him come to-night at the eleventh hour to lay his apologies at the feet o

Lorance de Montluc.

"And she"—

"Is cousin and ward to the Duke of Mayenne. Yes, and my heart's desire."

"Monsieur!"

"Aye, you begin to see it now," he cried vehemently. "You see why I have sworn to be free these three years, why I could not follow my father into exile. It was more than a handful of pistoles caused the breach with monsieur; more than the quarrel in the rivals de Grammont. That was the spark kindled the powder, but the train was laid."

"Then you, monsieur, were a Leaguer?"

"Nay, I was not!" cried. "To my credit—or my shame, as you choose—I was not. I was neither one nor the other, neither fish nor flesh. My father thought me a malcontent, but I was not disloyal, in deed at least, to the house that bore me. Monsieur revelled me for a skulker, a fainéant; non de diable, he might have remembered his own three years of idleness."

"Monsieur held out for his religion"

"Mademoiselle is my religion," he cried, and then laughed, not merrily.

"Pardieu! for all my pains I have not won her. I have skulked and evaded and temporized—for nothing. I would not join the League and break my father's heart, would not stand out against it and lose Lorance. I have been trying these three years to please both the goat and the cabbage—with the usual success. I have pleased nobody. I am out of Mayenne's books; he made me overtures and I refused him. I am out of my father's favor, who thinks me a traitor and parricide. And I am out of mademoiselle's; she despises me for a laggard. Had I gone with Mayenne I might not be here. Had I gone with monsieur I was sure of a command in King Henry's army. But with Mayenne I had won her

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The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 6)

"What is this disturbance, Lorance?"

"A wager between me and my cousin Paul, madame," she answered with instant gravity and respect.

"Paul de Lorraine! Is he here?" the other asked, unpleased, I thought.

"Yes, madame. He dropped from the skies on us this afternoon. He is out of the house again now."

"But while he was in the house," quoth she in shy color, "though he did not find time to pay his respects to Mme. la Duchesse, he had the leisure for considerable conversation with Mlle. Montluc."

The other lady, whom I now guessed to be the Duchesse de Mayenne herself, turned somewhat sharply on her cousin of Montluc.

"I do not yet hear your excuses, mademoiselle, for the introduction of a stable boy into my salon."

"I beg you to believe, madame, I am not responsible for it," she protested. "Paul, when he was here, saw fit to rally me concerning M. de Mar. Mlle. de Tavanne informed him of the count's affection, and they were pleased to be merry with me over it. I vowed I could get him back if I wished. The end of the matter was that I wrote a letter which my cousin promised to have conveyed to M. le Comte's old lodgings. This is the answer," mademoiselle cried with a wave of her hand toward me. "But I did not expect it in this guise, madame. Blame your lackeys who know not their duties, not me."

"I blame you, mademoiselle," Mme. de Mayenne answered her tartly. "I consider my salon no place for intrigues with horse-boys. If you must hold colloquy with this fellow take him whither he belongs—to the stables."

A laugh went up among those who laugh at whatever a duchess says.

"Come, mesdames, we will resume our play," she added to the ladies who had followed her on the scene, and turned her back in lofty disdain on Mlle. de Montluc and her concerns. But though some of the company obeyed her a curious circle still surrounded us.

"Lorance! if you must be banished to the stables we all will go, mademoiselle," declared the pink gallant. "We all want news of the vanished Mar."

"Indeed we do. We have missed him sorely. Add I dare swear this messenger's account will prove diverting," lisped the sky-colored demoiselle.

I was not enjoying myself. I had given all my hopes of glory to be out in the street again. I wished Mlle. de Montluc would take me to the stables—anywhere out of this laughing company. But she had no such intent.

"I think madame does not mean her sentence," she rejoined. "I would not for the world frustrate your curiosity, Blanche; nor yours, M. de Chamfleury. Tell us what has befallen your master, Sir Courier."

"He has been in a duel, mademoiselle."

"Whom was he fighting?"

"And for what lady's favor?"

"Is it a pretty Huguenot this time?"

"Does she make him read his Bible?"

"Or did her big brother set on him for a wicked papist?"

The questions chorused upon me; I saw they were framed to tease mademoiselle. I answered as best I might:

"He thinks of no lady but Mlle. de Montluc. The fight was over other matters. I am only told to say M. le Comte regrets most heartily that his wound prevents his coming, and to assure mademoiselle that he is too weak as faint to walk across the floor."

"Then exceed your instructions a little. Tell us what monsieur has been about these four weeks that he could not take time to visit us."

I was in a dilemma. I knew she was M. Etienne's chosen lady and therefore deserving of all fealty from me; yet at the same time I could not answer her question. It was sheer embarrassment and no intent of rudeness that caused my short answer:

"About his own concerns, mademoiselle."

"The young puppy begins to growl!" exclaimed the thick-set soldierly fellow who had bespoken me before, whose hostile gaze had never left my face. "I'll have him flogged, mademoiselle, for this insolence."

"M. de Brie"——she began at the same moment that I cried out to her:

"I meant no insolence; I crave mademoiselle's pardon." I added, in my haste floundering deeper into the mire: "Mademoiselle sees for herself that I cannot tell about M. le Comte's affairs in this house."

Brie had me by the collar.

"So that is what has become of Mar!" he cried triumphantly. "I thought as much. If Mar's affairs are to be a secret from this house, then, nom de Dieu, they are no secret."

He shook me back and forth as if to shake the truth out of me till my teeth rattled together; I could not have spoken if I would. But he cried on, his voice rising with excitement:

"It has been no secret where St. Quentin stands and what he has been about. He came into Paris smooth and smiling, his own man, forsooth—neither ours nor the heretics'! Mordieu! he was Henry's, fast and sure, save that he was not man enough to say so. I and Mayenne sat near mouth we ought to settle with M. de St. Quentin; I asked nothing better than to attend to him. But the general would not, but let him alone, free and unmolested in his work of stirring up sedition. And Mar, too!"——

He stopped in the middle of a word. All the company who had been pressing around us halted still. I knew that behind me some one had entered the room.

M. de Brie dragged me back from where we were blocking the passage. I turned in his grasp to face the newcomer.

He was a tall, stout man, deep-chested, thick-necked, heavy jowled. His wavy hair, brushed up from a high forehead, was lightest brown, while his brows, mustachios and beard were dark. His eyes were dark also, his full lips red and smiling. He had the beauty and presence of all the Guises; it needed not the star on his breast to tell me that this was Mayenne himself.

He advanced into the room, returning the salutes of the company, but his glance traveling straight to me and my captor.

"What have we here, Francois?"

"This is a fellow of Etienne de Mar's, M. le Duc," Brie answered. "He came here with messages for Mlle. de Montluc. I am getting out of him what Mar has been up to since he disappeared a month back."

"You are at unnecessary pains, my dear Francois; I already know Mar's whereabouts and doings rather better than he knows them himself."

Brie dropped his hand from my collar, looking by no means at ease. I perceived that this was the way with Mayenne: you knew what he said, but you did not know what he thought. His somewhat heavy face varied little; what went on in his mind behind the smiling mask was matter for anxiety. If he asked pleasantly after your health you fancied he might be thinking how well you would grace the gallows.

M. de Brie said nothing and the duke continued:

"Yes, I have kept watch over him these five weeks. You are late, Francois. You little boys are fickle. You think because you do not know a thing I do not know it. Was I cruel to keep my information from you, ma belle Lorrance?"

The attack was absolutely sudden; he had not seemed to observe her. Mademoiselle colored and made no instant reply. His voice was neither loud nor rough; he was smiling upon her.

"Or did you need no information, mademoiselle?"

She met his look unflinching.

"I have not been sighing for tidings of the Comte de Mar, monsieur."

"Because you have had tidings, mademoiselle?"

"No, monsieur, I have had no communication with M. de Mar since May —until to-night."

"And what has happened to-night?"

"To-night—Paul appeared."

"Paul!" ejaculated the duke, startled momentarily out of his phlegm. "Paul here?"

"He was, monsieur, an hour ago. He has since gone forth again, I know not whither or for what."

Mayenne ruminated over this, pulling off his gloves slowly.

"Well? What has this to do with Mar?"

She had no choice, though in evident fear of his displeasure, but to go through again the tale of the wager and letter. She was moistening her dry lips as she finished, her eyes on his face wide with apprehension. But he answered amiably, half absently, as if the whole affair were a trivialty:

"Never mind; I will give you a pair of gloves, Lorance."

He stood smiling upon us as if amused for all his moment over our childish games. The color came back to her cheeks; she made him a curtsey, laughing lightly.

"Then my grief is indeed cured, monsieur. A new bit of finery is the best of balms for wounded self-esteem, it is not, Blanche? I confess I am piqued; I had dared to imagine that my squire might remember me still after a month of absence. I should have known it too much to ask of mortal man. Not till the rivers run up hill will you keep your memories green for more than a week, messieurs."

"She turns it off well," cried the little demoiselle in blue, Mlle Blanche de Tavanne; "you would not guess that she will be awake the night long weeping over M. de Mar's defection."

"I?" exclaimed Mlle. de Montluc; "I weep over his recreancy? It is a far-fetched jest, my Blanche; can you not even go better? The Comte de Mar—behold him!"

She snatched a card from a tossed down hand, holding it up aloft for us all to see. It was by chance the knave of diamonds; the pictured face with its yellow hair bore, in my fancy at least, a suggestion of M. Etienne.

"Behold M. de Mar—behold his fate!" With a twinkling of her white fingers she had torn the luckless knave into a dozen pieces and sent them whirling over her head to fall far and wide among the company.

"Summary measures, mademoiselle!" quoth a grizzled warrior with a laugh. "Mordieu! have we your good permission to deal likewise with the flesh-and-blood Mar when we go to arrest him for conspiring against the Holy League?"

But Mlle. de Tavanne's quick tongue robbed him of his answer.

"Marry, you are severe on him, Lorance. To be sure he does not come himself, but he sends so gallant a messenger!"

Mademoiselle glanced at me with hard blue eyes.

"That is the greatest insult of all," she said. "I could forgive—and forget —his absence, but I do not forgive his despatching me a horse-boy."

Thus far I had choked down my swelling rage at her faithlessness, her vanity, her despiteful entreatment of my master's plight. I knew it was sheer madness for me to attempt his defense before this hostile company; nay, there was no object in defending him; there was not one here who cared to hear good of him. But at her last insult to him my blood boiled so hot that I lost all command of myself and I burst out:

"If I were a horse-boy—which I am not—I were twenty times too good to be carrying messages hither. You need not rail at his poverty, mademoiselle; it was you brought him to it. It is for you he was turned out of his father's house. But for you he would not now be lying in a garret, penniless and dishonored. Whatever ills he suffers, it is you and your false house have brought them."

Brie had me by the throat. Mayenne interfered without excitement.

"Don't strangle him, Francois; I may need him later. Let him be flogged and locked in the ostery."

He turned away as one bored over a trifling matter. And as the lackeys dragged me back to the door I heard Mlle. de Montluc saying:

"Oh, M. de Latour, what have I done in destroying your knave of diamonds! Ma foi, you had a guarrel!"

"Here, Pierre!" M. de Brie called to the head lackey, "here's a candidate for a hiding. This is a cub of that fellow Mar's. He reckoned wrong when he brought his insolence into this house. Lay on well, boys; make him howl."

Brie would have liked well enough, I fancy, to come along and see the fun, but he conceived that his duty lay in the salon. Pierre, the same who had conducted me to Mlle. de Montluc, now led the way into a long oak-panelled parlor. Opposite the entrance was a huge chimney carved with the arms of Lorraine; at one end a door led into a little oratory where tapers burned before the image of the Virgin; at the other, before the two narrow windows, stood a long table with writing materials. Chests and cupboards nearly filled the walls. I took this to be a sort of council-room of my lord Mayenne.

Pierre sent one of his men for a cane and to the other suggested that he should quench the Virgin's candles.

"For I don't see why this rascal should have the comfort of a light in there," he said. "As for Madonna Mary she will not mind; she has a million others to see by."

I was left alone with him and I promised myself the joy of one good blow at his face, no matter how deep they flayed me for it. But as I gathered myself for the rush he spoke to me low and cautiously:

"Now keep your loudest, lad, and I'll not lay on too hard."

My clinched fist dropped to my side

"You never did me any harm," he muttered. "Howl till they think you half killed, and I'll manage.

I gaped at him, not knowing what to make of it. But this is the way of the world; if there is much cruelty in it there is much kindness too.

"Here's the cane, nom d'un chien!" Pierre exclaimed boisterously. "Give it here, Jean; there'll not be much of it left when I get through."

"You'll strip his coat off?" said the second lackey from the oratory.

CHAPTER XIV.

"My faith! no; I should kill him if I did, and the duke wants him," Pierre retorted. So without more ado the two men tied my wrists in front of me, and Jean held me by the knot while Pierre laid on. And he, good fellow, grasping my collar, contrived to pull my loose jerkin away from my back, so that he dusted it down without greatly incommoding me. Some hard whacks I did get, but they were nothing to what a strong man could have given in grim earnest.

I trust I could have taken a real flogging with as close lips as anybody, but if my kind sucorrer wanted howls, howls he should have, I yelled and cowered and dodged about, to the roaring delight of Jean and his mate. Indeed, I had drawn a crowd of grinning varlets to the door before my performance was over. But at length, when I thought I had done enough for their pleasure and that of the nobles in the salon, I dropped down on the floor and lay quiet with shut eyes.

"He has had his fill, I trow; we must not spoil him for the master," Pierre said.

"Oh, he'll come to in a minute," another answered. "Why, you have not even drawn blood, Pierre!" He laid his hand on my back, whereat I groaned my hollowest.

"It will be many a day before he cares to have his back touched," laughed Pierre. "Here, men, lend a hand, Pardieu! I wonder what Dir Lady thinks of some of the devotees we bring her?"

As they lifted me he took my hand with an inquiring squeeze, and I answered back, grateful if ever a boy was. They flung me down on the ostery floor and left me there a prisoner.

I spent the next hour or so trying to undo the knot of my bindings with my teeth, and failing that, to gnaw the cord in two. I was minded as I worked of Lucas and his bonds, and wondered whether he had managed to rid himself of their inconvenience. He went straightway, doubtless, to some confederate who cut them for him, and even now was planning fresh evil against the St. Quentins. I remember at this time I decided to let M. le Comte know that they should meet again; and I thought that M. Etienne was likely to have his hands full with Lucas, without this unlucky tanglement with Mlle. de Montluc. In the darkness and solitude I called down a murrain on his folly. Why could he not leave the girl alone? There were other blue eyes in the world. And it would be hard on humanity if there were none kindlier.

He had been at it three years too. For three long years this girl's fair face had stood between him and his home, between him and action, between him and happiness. It was a fair face, truly, yet, in my opinion, neither it nor any maid's was worth such pains. If she had loved him it had not been worth it, but this girl spurned and flouted him. Why, in the name of heaven, could he not put the jade out of his mind and turn merrily to St. Denis and the road to glory? When I got back to him and told him how she had mocked him, hang me but he should, though!

Ah, but when was I to get back to him? That rested not with me but with my dangerous host, the League's Lieutenant-General, dark-minded Mayenne. What he wanted with me he had not revealed; nor was it a pleasant subject for speculation. He meant me, of course, to tell him all I knew of the St. Quentins; well, that was soon done; belike he understood more than I of the day's work. But after he had questioned me, what?

Would he consider with his servant, Pierre, that I had never done him any harm? Or would he—I wondered if they flung me out stark into some alley's gutter whether M. le Comte would search for me and claim my carcass? Or would he too have fallen by the blades of the League?

I was shuddering as I waited there in the darkness. Never, not even this morning in the closet of the Rue Coupejarrets, had I been in such mortal dread. I had walked out of that closet to find M. Etienne; but I was not likely to happen on succor here. Pierre, for all his kind heart, could not save me from the Duke of Mayenne.

Then when my hope was at its nadir I remembered who was with me in the little room. I groped my way to Our Lady's feet and prayed her to save me, and if she might not, then to stand by me during the hard moments of dying and receive my wrecking soul. Comfort ed now and deeming I could pass it to came to that, with a steady face, I took my head on my bound hands—bless'em for their cushion, and presently went to sleep.

I was waked by a light in my face, and, all aquiver, sprang up to meet my doom. But it was not the duke nor any of his lifelings who held over me a candle in hand; it was Mlle. de Montluc.

"Oh, my boy, my poor boy!" she cried pitifully. "I could not save you the flogging, or see how half cruelly it would have availed you not one bit I pleaded for you on my bended knees."

With bewilderment I observed that the tears were flowing down her lashes and splashing down into the candle flame. I stared, too confused for speech, while she, for her own part, all shaking candlestick on the floor, as she crossed herself, covered her face with her hands, sobbing.

"Mademoiselle," I stammered, "it is not worth mademoiselle's tears! The man Pierre he told me to be merciful as they would think he too have half done me. But in truth he did not strike hard. He did not hurt so much."

She struggled to subdue the fitful tempest of her tears, and presently dropped her hands and looked at me earnestly from out her shining wet eyes.

"Is that true? Are you not flayed?" And to make sure she laid her hand delicately on my shoulder.

"They have whacked your coat to ribbons, but, thank St. Geneviève, I was have not brought the blood. I was man flogged for worse." She shut her eyes, shuddering, and her mouth quivered anew.

"But I am not much hurt, mademoiselle," I answered her.

She took out her filmy of a handkerchief to wipe her wet cheeks, her hand still trembling. I could think of nothing but to resign.

"I am not in the least hurt, mademoiselle."

"Ah, but if they have exerted you the flogging to take your life!" she breathed.

It was not a heartening suggestion. To my astonishment suddenly I found myself, frightened victim, striving to comfort this noblewoman for my death.

"Nay, I am not afraid. Since mademoiselle weeps over me I can die happily."

She sprang toward me as if to protect me with her body from some menacing thrust.

"They shall not kill you!" she cried, her eyes flashing like fire. "They dare not! Mon dieu! is vengeance de Montluc to be feeble a thing that she cannot save a serving boy?"

She fell back a pace, pressing her hands to her temples as if to stifle their throbbing.

"I was my fault," she cried. "It was all my fault. It was my vanity and silliness brought you to this. I should never have written that letter—a three years child would have known better. But I had not seen M. de Mar for five weeks—I did not know, what I readily guess now, that he had taken sides against us, M. de Lorraine placed on my plque."

"Mademoiselle," I said, "the words has not followed, since M. Etienne did not come himself."

"You are glad for that?"

"Why, of course, mademoiselle, was it not a trap for him?"

She caught her breath as if in pain.

To be Continued.

Grey Old Quebec Again Welcomes Prince

The Empress of Australia seen nosing her way towards Kings Wharf at Quebec. Inset—Premier Baldwin snapped aboard the Empress of Australia.

TWENTY-one booming guns from the old artillery emplacements that once sent smoke-covered salutations for the great men of Old France greeted their Royal Highnesses The Prince of Wales, Prince George as the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Australia bearing the Royal Party to Quebec rounded the cape towards the King's Wharf. Above the dull thunder of the guns rose the continuous cheering of the populace, the same populace giving its unstinted greetings to Premier Baldwin of Great Britain.

There was a fresh breeze curling the waters of the St. Lawrence as the liner steamed slowly to the wharf. Two hundred gaily bedecked with thousands of flags again lived up to its traditions as the historic gateway of Canada. Artillerymen lined the gun emplacements Royal Canadian Dragoons with gilt helmets, scarlet tunics and mounted on spirited horses formed the mounted guard for the Royal visitors. Men of Courcelette, medal-bedecked presented arms to the young heir to the British throne whose own chest is decorated with the Military Cross for bravery at the Front.

In response to an address of welcome the Prince of Wales said that he himself might be regarded as a colonist. His arrival at Quebec therefore might be regarded more as a homecoming than a visit. Those near the Prince saw an eager look appear in his eyes as the Empress of Australia neared Quebec. Premier Baldwin too was glad to see the Chateau-crowned city appear in the distance. He had come a long way to see Canada and to learn the Canadian point of view he told the correspondents. This he said was his first visit to Canada for many years, the first being made in his student days 30 years ago at what was then known as "A land of Promise".

Quebec, grey old city of the past, which despite its busy life really remembers its past and retains the charm that has made it a unique spot on the continent. The King's Wharf where the parties landed might have been a royal pavillion at some bunting gala brought up to date. From a tiered grandstand dignitaries of the Church and State waited to extend a greeting, priests robed and the silks of the ladies adding to the color of the scene. All, with thousands of people who had gathered from all parts of the country joined in a great ovation to the Ambassador of His Majesty the King and the headsman of the British state.

Along the terrace of the Chateau Frontenac thousands of eager faces looked over the lower town to the Royal vessel. They too voiced welcome as the royal party stepped ashore.

The Princes, Mr. Baldwin and parties after receiving a tumultuous welcome in Montreal left August 2 from the Windsor Street Canadian Pacific Station travelling in what is undoubtedly the finest train ever assembled.

PREMIER BALDWIN LEARNS TO DRIVE LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE IN BRITISH EMPIRE

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, the British Premier, took a short course in engine driving at Pickering, Ontario, on the new Canadian National locomotive, number 6120, the largest and most powerful railway engine in the British Empire. Mr. Baldwin, when visiting Kingston, Ont., heard that this titan of the steel rails was an all-Canadian product, designed by Canadian National Railway engineers and built at the Kingston shops. Early on Saturday morning No. 6120 was attached to the Royal Train to haul it into Toronto to mark the opening of the new Union Station. Mr. Baldwin, although busily engaged in the preparation of his speeches, halted in his work to make an inspection of the engine, eventually climbing into the cab with the engineer. He showed the keenest interest in the manner in which the big locomotive was handled when travelling at high speed, and worked at the various levers controlling the engine. "It is a wonderful piece of machinery and should be a source of pride to the Canadian designers and builders," said the Premier on leaving the locomotive. No. 6120 is one of forty engines of similar type that are being turned out this season for the fast passenger and freight services of the National System. When in regular service they will run 510 miles without change—the longest locomotive runs in the Dominion.

1.—H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. 2.—H. R. H. Prince George. 3.—Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Smoothing the Path of Princes

When Princes of the Blood Royal visit their Dominions Overseas they have to go through a great number of ceremonies, receptions and functions which in the aggregate furnish a considerable amount of hard work which makes of their trip anything but a vacation time. When, further, they are accompanied by the Prime Minister of the Old Country, although the latter may relieve them somewhat in the matter of speeches, the tour becomes all the more arduous by reason of its greater significance. Accordingly, there is all the more cause to make their few private hours as comfortable as possible and this has been amply looked after in the Canadian Pacific Royal Train that is conveying the distinguished guests across the Dominion. Grouped on the observation end of the private car Mount Stephen that has been assigned to the use of the Royal guests are the personnel of the attendants and others whose duty it will be to make the princes and the premier forget their hard work in the lap of luxury. They are all picked men who have been out at one time or another with celebrities travelling C.P.R. across Canada. The chefs are men of European reputation who are acknowledged experts in their line. They have accompanied the Prince of Wales on his previous visits to Canada and so are known to His Royal Highness. Standing on the car from left to right they are: G. Hicks, W. Zoppi, H. T. Jolley, T. E. Evans, and J. Bassett. Lower left to right: J. B. Ford, J. Tootles, S. Ferraris, E. McKeaveney, L. Charney, P. Huggineon and G. Highway.

Canadian Department-Stores Limited

STORE No. 10

Successors to

The Robinson Co. Limited, Napanee

22 STORES

Men's Handkerchiefs

White, all linen, 25c. 40c. and 50c. each.
White Lawn, 10c. each, and 2 for 25c.
"Excelda," fancy bordered, best quality, 25c. each.
Very large Red Bandana, 35c. each.
Regular size Red, 2 for 25c.
Khaki Lawn, 10c. each.
Fancy Silk imported, 50c. and 75c. each.

Men's Extra Quality 2-Trouser Blue Serge Suits, $37.50

For young men and their fathers. Ultra fashionable Collegiate styles or the more conservative models preferred by the business man. Sizes 35 to 44.

Men's Fine Sailor Hats

Clearing at Half Price

$100 Hats	$1.50 Hats	$2.00 Hats	$2.50 Hats
50c.	75c.	$1.00	$1.25

Throw away that old, discolored Hat that you are ashamed of and buy one of these new ones. You will feel more like meeting people.

Men's Work Shirts Special at 95c Each

Khaki — Blue Chambray — Railroad Blue

Reinforced over the shoulder, breast pocket, plenty large enough for any, but very, very stout or extra tall men.

Boys' Combination Silk Bow Tie and Kerchief to match. Price 49c. for the Sett

A real winner for the boy who likes to be well dressed. Snappy and pretty, they make "a fellar feel big." A big assortment of shades and patterns.

Men's Cotton Sox 25c. a Pair

No seams across the toes. Made in Brown mixed legs, White feet. No color to blister the feet. Made from a real strong cotton yarn.

Closing Out 89 Boys' Bloomer Suits

In Sizes 29 to 36

Prices $5.00, $7.00, $10.00

Reduced from $7.50, $10.00, $12.50 and $15.00.
For boys 10 years to 18 years.
All Wool Suits suitable for vacation needs and for Fall.

House Furnishings of Exquisite Charm at Attractive Prices

Choose now the Lovely Furnishings which will go far towards making the home bright and cheerful during the long Fall and Winter months

A Barrymore Wilton Rug

In subdued, yet striking design, woven with all the skill of Egyptian rug makers. Is a permanent investment and one that will repay you in long wear and lasting beauty.

Made in various sizes and many lovely designs, in the newest colorings. May be had in a very wide range of sizes to fit any ordinary room.

Priced from **$25.00 to $78.75.**

Reliable English Rugs Very Moderately Priced

Opal Velvet Rugs, imported direct from the famous English rug makers. These Rugs have the appearance of Wiltons, but are made all in one-piece and are wonderfully good to wear. Size 7½ x 9 feet is priced only $35.00.
Made also in 9 x 9, 9 x 10½ and 9 x 12, and priced accordingly.

Linoleum Rugs for Hard Wear and Easy Cleaning

Patterns suitable for dining room, living room, bed room, den or kitchen. All carefully chosen to keep their new appearance and to wear a long time. Your choice of eleven sizes and many patterns.
Size 6 x 9, **$7.75**; size 9 x 12 **$14.95.**

New Frilled Curtains direct from New York

Every pair has double frilled valance and tie backs to match. The materials are Voile and Rayon Silk.

Ivory Voile with Gold machine stitching and black line, made as above.....**$2.50 per pair**
Cream Voile, with Rose fancy stitching and black line, also fancy voile border, as above.....**$2.50 pair**
Cream Voile with fancy Gold and Black edge and broad Rose Rayon border.....**$3.75 pair**
Natural and Orchid Rayon, made up as curtain and over-curtain combined. Complete with fancy shaped valance. All double frilled, also tie backs.....**$7.75 pair**
Fancy patterned Rayon in natural shade, with orchid frill, made as above.....**$8.75 pair**
Scotch Grenadine Curtains, with or without valance. Dimity allover design worked in colors, colored frill and guaranteed sunfast and tub fast.....**$4.50 to $5.95 pair**

CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES LIMITED

Successors to THE ROBINSON CO., LIMITED
STORE No. 10

August Clearance of Men's Suits Reduced to $10, $12.50, $15, $20

Suits that formerly sold for $15.00 up to $29.50. These are the odd ones left over from Spring and Summer selling. Only one or two of a kind in most cases, but all sizes from 33 to 40 represented in the lot.

Boys' Wash Suits Reduced to Clear

$1.50 Suits for $1.00. $1.75 Suits for $1.15.
$2.00 Suits for $1.35. $2.25 Suits for $150.
$2.50 Suits for $1.50.

Imported English Wool Golf Hose

Imported direct from "Wolsey" England.
Prices $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50 up to $4.50 a pair.
Splendid colorings.

Use these Electric Stoves wherever you have a light socket--No special wiring required

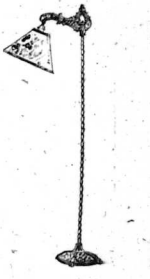
Two-burner, nickle plated stove, with element in porcelain. Retains all the heat for a long time. Our price **$7.95.**
Same style, only one burner, **$5.75.**
Toaster Stoves, black finish, **69c. each.**

Fully guaranteed 6-lb. Electric Irons, with cord and 2-piece plug, **$1.98.**
Who would be without an electric iron ?

DeLuxe quality Toasters, highly nickle plated, and complete with cord and 2-piece plug, **$3.50 each.**

Good electric appliances make your housework easy. Buy them now.

Sale of Bridge Lamps



Regularly worth $6.00 to $8.00

Sale Price $3.49

All metal Lamps, with polychrome finish, complete with pretty printed shades and full length cord and 2-piece plug.

A real bargain and a handsome lamp.

Be sure to get one or more.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. Fraser Paul, Belleville, was in Napanee on Monday.

Mayor and Mrs. E. J. Roy spent the week-end at Crow Lake.

Mr. Donald Caton is visiting his aunts in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Simpson are on a motor trip to Quebec.

Miss Allie Craig spent last week at Grimsby Beach.

W. A. Steacy attended the Poultry Congress at Ottawa last week.

Miss Mildred Milling, Wellesley Hospital, Toronto, is holidaying at her home here.

Miss Florence Kirkpatrick is spending her holidays at Hastings.

Mrs. (Dr.) Harry Gleeson, of Lindsay, is visiting friends in Napanee.

Professor Everton Lloyd, of the University of British Columbia, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. VanAlstyne.

Mr. C. W. Bowen was in Oshawa last week visiting his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Walker, of Toronto have returned home after visiting friends in Napanee for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Deroche and Miss Augustine returned on Saturday from their holidays, spent at Presqu'ile, Muskoka Lakes and Maganetewan.

Mr. Tom Wayte, of California, was in town on Monday on his way to visit his mother, Mrs. (Dr.) Maxwell, Marlbank.

Mr. James Gordon has returned to Toronto, after spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens.

Miss Marion Chisholm, of Alexandria, Ont., was the guest of Miss Madeliene Stevens at Boxwood Cottage last week.

Misses Ada and Lucy Williamson, of Detroit, Mich., have returned to their home after spending a month with thei aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens.

Miss Madeliene Stevens, Detroit, Mich., has been spending two weeks vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens.

Mrs. Harry Beggy and son, of Calgary, Alta., who have been spending the past few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Sexsmith, Belleville Road, left for home on Sunday and will return via the Great Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. aly spent a few days in Uxbridge attending the Old Boys and Girls' Re-union there.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lake, West Toronto, were in Napanee on Sunday attending the funeral of her mother, Mrs. S. Meeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gordon, Toronto, spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. Sinclair.

Mrs. J. H. McLaughlin and grandchildren are visiting the former's sisters, at Athens, and her daughter at Grippen Lake, near Lyndhurst.

Recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Daly were; Mr. and Mrs. J. Jager Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Geib, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Russel Walker, Mr. and Miss Pegg, Toronto.

Mr. Thomas Kenworthy motored from New York City to join Mrs. Kenworthy, who has been spending the past six weeks the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. G. Baughan. Mr. and Mrs. Kenworthy will motor back to New York City in a couple of weeks time.

MARRIAGES

Lessard—Stone—At Flinton, on Monday, Aug. 8th, 1927, Wilfrid Lessard son of the late Moses and Mrs. Lessard, to Olive Kathleen, only daughter of Mr and Mrs. J. H. Stone.

DEATHS

Blair—At Newburgh, on Saturday, August 13th, 1927, Frank Blair, aged 70 years.

English—At Regina, on Friday, August 12th, 1927, Robert English, aged 58 years.

Frost—At North Fredericksburgh, on Friday, August 12th, 1927, Robert S. Frost, aged 79 years, 2 days.

Meeks—At Napanee, on Friday, August 12th, 1927, Mrs. Alida Meeks, aged 70 years.

Belleville, Aug. 13.—R. H. Raynor, one of the largest automobile dealers in the city, and who was adjudged a bankrupt yesterday, was arrested in Picton early today on a charge of fraud. There were also warrants for his arrest in the county of Hastings, but the warrant of Prince Edward county had precedent. Charges laid in Hastings county will be dealt with after the Prince Edward ones are concluded. It is alleged that Raynor misappropriated funds to his own use that should have been turned into the finance corporation for payment on cars that were purchased from him. The amount involved runs into thousands of dollars.

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

Announcement !

E. R. Hewson wishes to announce that he has purchased the Drug Business formerly conducted by Mr. R. Knight.

A Drug Store Stock that will be fresh and complete has been ordered.

Become acquainted with our store, courteous and efficient service in all drug store needs at all times.

Hewson's Drug Store

'Phone 284. Napanee, Ontario.

37b

A coroner's jury to inquire into the death of Mrs. S. Meeks was empannelled on Saturday and after viewing the remains, adjourned until Friday at 10.30 a.m.

Don't neglect your Hovis, the Bread of Health. If you are well eat it to keep well. If you are not in perfect condition, it is your best friend. Insist on STEACY'S Hovis. 38-ap

Robert English, a former well-known resident of Napanee, died on Friday last at Regina, Sask. The remains are being brought to Napanee and the funeral wil lbe held from the residence of his brother-in-law, Dr. E. Ming, M.L.A., on Wednesday afternoon at 2.30.

Portland, Oregon, Aug. 10.—Five months ago, ten cows, which had shown every sign of advanced tuberculosis, and which had been condemned by United States herd inspectors, were selected for a test of the supposed tuberculosis cure evolved by Dr. George Kirkpatrick, Portland veterinarian. Yesterday three of the ten cows were slaughtered and subjected to searching examination for traces of the disease. At the end of the examination the carcasses of all three were passed by Dr. A. J. Dinze, United States inspector, as free from the tuberculosis and fit for human sustenance. This was the outstanding development of the scientific clinic held Monday as a climax to the official test sponsored by the city health bureau and other research agencies.

The police have a lawful right to prevent married men from going out at night with single girls.

After listening for awhile to some friends telling anecdotes of their own promising offspring, Canon Hinchcliffe, not wishing to be outdone, went them one better with the following incident:

Some years ago, the canon having been invited to a strictly formal affair, began dressing for the evening, and presently was heard loudly demanding where the trousers of his dress suit had disappeared to.

"Oh! I know where they are," said his little daughter, Edith, and straightway produced a surprisingly abbreviated garment.

"Why, what has happened to them?" the horror-stricken gentleman enquired.

"Well! you see, brother and I were playing we were grown up people; and, of course, we had to have grown-up clothes to wear, or it wouldn't be any good; but your trousers were too long for him, so he cut off the legs to make them just the right size."

GRADING OF HOGS

Ontario farmers are putting up a strenuous fight against the efforts which are being made to set aside or render ineffective the grading regulations as applied to the marketing of hogs. The situation, briefly, would appear to be that the Dominion Swine Conference held at Ottawa in April last, passed a resolution to the effect that Hog Grading at Stockyards, Abattoirs, and where necessary should be compulsory and that the information regarding the grade should be returned to the producers. The purpose of the resolution was to ensure as far as possible that the premium on select hogs should find its way into the pockets of the producer. It is contended that the proposed new regulations drafted by the Dominion Department of Agriculture do not faithfully interpret the spirit of the Dominion Swine Conference resolution and that little or no improvement in the situation can be loked for until the compulsory feature of the grading regulations is put into force and lived up to.

In a memorandum to farmers' clubs throughout the Province, Secretary J. J. Morrison of the U.F.O., calls for immediate action and urges the clubs to exert every influence towards impressing upon the Government the viewpoint of producers in regard to Hog Grading. He points out that the regulations were instituted by the Department of Agriculture some years ago for the purpose of improving the type of bacon hog, in order that it might compete on the British Market, and that the regulations worked well for the time they were lived up to. More recently, however, other interests have circumvented the regulations, with the result that few farmers have been selling their hogs on a graded basis, the regulations meanwhile becoming very much of a farce.

The Farmers' Sun ,editorially, in its last issue, discussion the situation says :

"In the attempt being made to set aside or render ineffective the grading regulations as applied to the marketing of hogs, a principle is involved, which cannot be allowed to go unchallenged. Time and time again has the farmer allowed other interests to ride rough-shod over him. Whether history will repeat itself in the present instance depends upon whether the famer will awake in time from the legarthy which characterizes his inexplicable indifference to his own welfare, and demand that his interests be safeguarded. There is every reason to believe that officials of the Department of Agriculture are not without a large measure of sympathy for, and recognize the justice of, the farmers' demands. But unless some stronger pressure is brought to bear upon the Government to convince them that there is a province-wide demand upon the part of producers that the compulsory grading feature of the proposed new regulations be put into effect frthwith, there is every probability that once again the farmer's silence will be assumed to be indifference and as a result, when it is too late, he will find himself, one of the tag-rag and bb-tail, left to sink or swim as best he may."

One on the Canon.

Canon Josiah Hinchcliffe, of Victoria, B.C., who in addition to being a dignitary of the Church of England, is a full-fledged lawyer, and a popular member of the Conservative opposition in the British Columbia Legislature, was recently heard to tell a good story at his own expense. After listening for awhile to some friends telling anecdotes of their own promising offspring, Canon Hinchcliffe, not wishing to be outdone, went them one better with the following incident:

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DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,
Next to Caton's.

Berry Boxes.
Bright new stock at
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

HARVESTERS! 25,000 WANTED

$15.00 TO WINNIPEG

Plus half a cent per mile beyond to all points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta,—Edmonton, Tannis, Calgary, MacLeod and East.
RETURNING—Half a cent per mille to Winnipeg, plus $20.00 to destination.

AUG. 80th—From Toronto, Caledon East, Beeton, Meaford, Collingwood, Penetang, Midland, Capreol, and South and East in Ontario, also Stations in Quebec West of St. Andrews and Lachute.
SEPT. 7th—From Stations in Ontario, Toronto, Inglewood Jct. and West and South thereof.

Special Trains for Winnipeg via Canadian National Railways:
From TORONTO (Union Station)—Aug. 30th— 12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th) 12.30 p.m.; 10.40 p.m.
Sept. 7th—2.00 p.m.; 10.40 p.m.
From PETERBORO—Aug. 30th—12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th) via Lindsay, Blackwater and Atherley.
From WINDSOR—Sept. 7th—12.30 a.m. (Midnight Sept 6th) via Chatham, London, Hamilton and Inglewood.
From OTTAWA—Aug. 30th—12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th); 12.01 noon.
From PALMERSTON—Sept. 7th—9.00 a.m. via Guelph, Georgetown and Inglewood.

Through cars from other principal points connecting with above special trains. For details consult local Canadian National Agents
Through Trains—Comfortable Colonist Cars—Special Cars for Women and Children

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